TO OUR READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

The number of favours we have recently received from our correspondents, precludes the possibility of separate enumeration. We wish, however, particularly to express our thanks to W. D. *for his useful communication, which shall find a place next month.*

Amicus *came too late; but the subject of his letter is amusing, and shall receive the attention it deserves.*

F. R——ns, W. S. S. *and* Rachael Rustic, *are under consideration. We apprehend, that the first will be inadmissible, not on account of the subject, but of the mode in which it is treated.*

Timothy Treacle's *article is an agreeable satire, but the subject is rather stale.*

The Italian lines of Saccharissa, *from Richmond, have reached us, and shall be inserted as early as possible: we have already many poetical contributions in our hands, worthy of insertion.*

The lines by Mrs. M'Mullan *reached us much too late, even to be read before our present Number was prepared.*

J. R. P. *need be under no apprehensions on the score to which his letter refers.*

In consequence of the sudden and lamented death of H. R. H. the Duke of Kent, *we have been of course under the necessity of substituting the Fashions for the General Mourning; and our readers will accordingly find the Plates inserted in their corresponding situations in the Number.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Serjeant, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 1, 1820. No. L.

HINTS ON ORNAMENTAL GARDENING.

(Continued from p. 1.)

PLATE 7.—AN ALCOVE.

TOWARDS the perfection of natural scenery, an irregular surface of ground is necessary, to imitate which in the business of garden-improvement demands an early attention; for unless an undulating surface is obtained before the planting is begun, very little of such design can be expected without sacrifices.

Great diversity of surface may, in general, be obtained at no objectionable expense, if the labour be discreetly governed. To sink the valley and raise the hill is a good rule, when properly applied; in which case, the advantages produced are so immediate and striking, as amply to compensate for every exertion: hence plants and trees obtain the appearance of several growths, as they are situated on greater or lesser elevations, and produce varieties of incident, and opposition of light, shadow, form, and colour, that cannot be effected on level ground. Such undulating surfaces also allow a command of near and distant views, and occasionally form situations appropriate to garden-seats, temples, and alcoves, in secluded spots, suited to retirement and study, or in others that present the means of more extended and cheerful objects. As appropriate to the latter, the annexed design of an alcove is introduced, and represented as on an eminence, facing the garden itself, so as to become an ornamental feature from the walks. The style of this little building is light and elegant, but of no specific archjtectural character; and from its arrangements and design, should be rather splendid in its finishings than otherwise. The pillars are of iron, and from them are suspended china pattera, of rich colours: the chains are gilt, as is the terminal of the roof. The scale-like forms of the roof-covering are of thin lead, and might be richly painted: indeed the whole should be so decorated as to become highly ornamental, and be in splendid harmony with the accompanying parterres and flower-beds.

MISCELLANIES.

PARISIAN SKETCHES.

No. IV.

A DRAWING-ROOM IN THE CHAUSSÉE D'ANTIN.

Nous naissons, nous vivons pour la société.
BOILEAU.

RANK and fortune enjoy all their privileges in provincial society; they establish between those who are in possession of these advantages, and those who envy them, a line of demarcation, which it is often dangerous for the latter to attempt to pass. We are there obliged to observe a sort of code of etiquette and formality, laid down by pride, and supported by custom and habit. The least negligence of these forms becomes an unpardonable affront in the eyes of the offended party; and the hereditary feuds, which for more than half a century disturbed the quiet of many neighbouring families, could frequently be traced to no other source but a trifling infringement of these arbitrary rules of politeness. In some of our departments, etiquette still preserves a portion of its frivolous importance. Each class of society moves only in its own circle, into which no inferior is, on any account, admitted; and their foolish vanity is gratified by thus keeping up their imaginary superiority.

I received last week a letter from my old friend the Chevalier de Ceran, informing me, that his son was about to leave home for the capital. "Ernest," he writes, "has none of the faults of his age; and his progress every way has amply repaid the care I have bestowed on his education. Still young, he feels all the value of deriving his descent from a family as ancient as illustrious; and this sentiment has happily influenced even his affection: he has not, like many other young blockheads, thrown away his heart on an object beneath him; on the contrary, preserving even in his pleasures a dignity which would become a man of the highest rank, my son has the honour to be united in the bonds of friendship with the sons of some of the most illustrious families in the province; protected by the Viscount de S—, who is now soliciting a place for himself; by the Marquis de T——, who expects a pension from the count; and by the Baron de C——, whose eldest brother has been promised promotion for above twenty years; and provided with the most powerful recommendations, Ernest is on his way to Paris, where he will probably arrive a few days after this letter. Promise me then, my dear ——, to permit the son to benefit by the friendship you have so long felt for his father. I dare not repeat to you half the praises which every one here bestows upon him, you would place them to the account of a parent's partiality; which, however, I hope will never become so strong in me as to render me blind to my child's faults. Though his excellent conduct hi-

therto does not authorize the least fears for his future behaviour, yet be, I entreat you, his Mentor in the capital; guide him in all his pursuits, which I trust will be fortunate; introduce him to your relations, with whose rank and celebrity he is already well acquainted; and, above all, keep him from forming any connections, by whom he may blush to be recognised when he returns home."

Ernest himself called on me the next day. The young man was endowed with an agreeable but rather too serious physiognomy; he affected, in his discourse, a gravity which formed a ludicrous contrast with his diminutive size. Occupied alike by his dress and his pretensions to wit, he smoothed his neckcloth whilst he collected his ideas. It seemed as if the words rose to his lips with difficulty, whence they afterwards issued in sententious and studied phrases, too many of which bore an expression of malignant satire, or disdainful self-conceit.

He told me that he had arrived at Paris the evening before, and had first alighted at the Hotel de Liege, where the careless manner in which he was received, and the little respect that was paid him, had soon convinced him he was not well settled, and he forthwith resolved to change his abode. His choice fell upon the Hotel de Galles. The polite address of the *maitre d'hôtel* could only be surpassed by the zealous attention of his servants. As soon as Ernest had entered his name in the travellers' register, his ear was delighted with, "Get an apartment ready immediately for Monsieur le Chevalier." Every order that he gave was followed by a reply, to the end of which his title was infallibly strung, and by a low bow. It was true, that the great number of persons who then lodged at the hotel distracted the attention of the waiters, and every one was actually obliged to wait till his turn came; but excuses were offered with so much humility: they had only neglected the chevalier for the baron, a count for a duke, his excellency for his highness. How could any one be so unreasonable as to find fault with them? If a thing was wanted immediately, it was seldom brought in less than half an hour. The meat was cold, the wine was warm; but then they were attended with such respect, that they must really have been very ill-tempered to have been angry.

Ernest confided all his plans to me: they were ambitious to an extreme. Thanks to the good opinion he had been taught to entertain of his own talents, he set no bounds to his expectations. It was sufficient to cite an illustrious personage, to inspire him with the desire of following their example; and in the two hours' conversation we had together, he by turns resolved to give the world another Colbert, Turenne, Racine, Montesquieu, or, in short, any other celebrated man whose fame had descended to posterity, in his own person.

According to the wishes of his father, I engaged him to accompany me that evening to the house of one of my relations. I saw that before he consented, he wished to know the name of the gentleman.

I spared him the trouble of putting such a question, which from any one else might have been considered at least as ill-timed, and informed him, that I intended to spend the evening with my nephew, Lieut.-General Count P——. Ernest accepted my invitation with joy.

On our arrival at the count's hotel, rue de Mont Blanc, we found a large party already assembled in the drawing-room. The lady of the mansion was seated near the fire: I introduced Ernest to her. Our young provincial, who fancied himself called upon to give some proofs of his abilities on his first introduction into high life, made her some far-fetched compliments, which my niece pretended to comprehend, thanking him by one of those half smiles, which possess the advantage of being interpretable any way: she then turned to me, and scolded me in the most engaging manner for having come rather later than usual. In my way I had observed that my watch had stopped, which served me for an excuse. One of the things on old man most naturally remembers to forget, is to wind up his watch. It seems to him as if time passed slower when he is not reminded of its flight by his repeater; and at sixty years of age, we are too much interested in the tardiness of its course to wish it accelerated.

After having heard and retailed some of the most important events of the day; disputed the correctness with which the papers had related the anecdotes of yesterday; praised to the skies an anonymous publication, the author of which was one of the company; circulated a dozen scandalous stories, the contradiction of which will probably afford employment for the morrow, the card-tables were set out. I was proof against the entreaties of my niece, who wanted to fix me at a whist-table; and on my refusal, the ticket was eagerly solicited by the young sub-prefect of M. I was surprised at first to see a lively youth desirous of devoting his evening to such a studious and sombre game, till I discovered that Monsieur C. and his lovely daughter had seated themselves at the table in question.

Whilst the greater part of the company was thus occupied, I amused myself by walking about the room, and observing what was going forward. Like all large parties, the present consisted of a strange compound of all ranks, fortunes, and professions. On one side of me, in a window-seat, a young barrister was disputing on abstruse points of legislation with a celebrated counsellor of state, who not unfrequently admitted the justice of the incipient legislator's observations; and a little further on, a literary character was giving advice to a superintendent of finance. I remarked at the same quadrille-table, the famous gambler and speculator P——, who the previous evening had saved the life of Baron H——; the eloquent advocate M——, whose client, however, had lost his cause that morning; the old Marquise de G——, whose spotless reputation was above even the shafts of slander; and the young and pretty Madame S——, who seems determined to attain the height of celebrity by the opposite qualities.

I had left Ernest wholly to him-

self, but I watched him several times during the evening, and as often found him conversing with some one whose dashing exterior had attracted his attention. Every one who affected importance had by turns engrossed him. He was, however, much mortified to find, that the Chevalier de Ceran, so distinguished in his own province, was not even known by name in Paris. One thing surprised him still more. When the card-parties broke up, music was proposed. During a duet from "Armide," sung by young Leo —— and Madame San ——, the door opened, and Ernest recognised the prefect of his department, who entered on tiptoe, making a very low bow to the company, the majority of whom did not even condescend to return the salutation. This want of respect astonished him; but the modesty of the prefect, who took his seat in a corner of the saloon, appeared so extraordinary, that he could not refrain from communicating his thoughts to his neighbour, who laughed at his country prejudices, and assured him, that prefects, whatever airs they might assume in their departments, were held in very little consideration at Paris.

I approached Ernest, and asked him what he thought of the present party. He was quite enchanted. The little attention paid to the last comer had completely persuaded him, that the company, of which he had the honour to form a part, was composed, without exception, of personages of the highest rank. His error had also another source. In the course of the evening, having imparted his views to two or three persons, he had received the warmest assurances of their good offices and protection: whence he naturally concluded, that those who would thus offer to use their credit for the benefit of a stranger, must be possessed of a prodigious degree of influence in the state.

"That young man," said he, pointing to a clerk in the war-office, "has promised me his protection, in case I should want the good offices of the minister at war."—"I do not doubt it; he is one of the clerks there."--"A clerk!"--"Yes, and his diligence has this year been rewarded by a gratuity of one hundred crowns."—"What! are you sure he is only a clerk?"—"He is the son of a highly respectable merchant."—"And he visits the countess?"—"Certainly, and is always welcome; for he unites to an irreproachable character, talents, wit, and modesty."—"And that gentleman in a blue coat, who is conversing so familiarly with our prefect; I am pretty sure he is not a clerk, and that the support he has promised me with the minister of the interior——"--"Is worth very little: however, he would be very much embarrassed if you were to claim his promise." These explanations chagrined him a good deal, and he could scarcely conceal his mortification. "There are," said he, "only two persons here, whose dress appears to me too plain for the company into which they have doubtless intruded themselves. If those whom I have mistaken for persons of rank are nobody, what must these be?" He pointed to two old men seated near the mistress of the house.

"One of them is a peer of France, the other a counsellor of state." —"You are joking!"—"At Paris, men of rank and celebrity despise the pomp of dress, and depend upon their intrinsic merit to ensure them due respect. Thus the temporary equality which astonishes you, cannot be attended with any bad consequences. The same persons who are this evening nearly on an equal footing with their superiors, will resume their habits of obedience to-morrow. They are actors, who have for a moment forgotten their characters behind the scenes; but as soon as the curtain rises, they will re-appear on the theatre of the world in the parts which their respective merits entitle them to hold."

Ernest could not recover from his embarrassment, but at the end of the evening he acknowledged, in reply to my interrogations, that this mixture in company was not without its advantages; and he agreed with me, that if pride lost something, conversation gained much by the variety of rank and character thus assembled together.

ACCOUNT OF THE MUTINEERS OF THE SHIP BOUNTY, AND THEIR DESCENDANTS AT PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

The subsequent interesting particulars are extracted from a Botany-Bay newspaper:

"The following account I have just received from a Taheitan woman, who was the wife of Isaac Madden, one of the mutineers. She has been apparently a good-looking woman in her time, but now begins to bear the marks of age. She is marked on the left arm 'A. S. 1789,' which was done by Adam Smith, to whom she attached herself at first, and sailed with him both before and after the ship was taken. She has lately arrived hither in the King George from Nugahiva, at which place she was left by an American ship, the captain of which took her from Pitcairn's Island to the Spanish main, and afterwards left her at Nugahiva. She has resided at Nugahiva about three months, and it is more than double that time since she left Pitcairn's Island.

"When Fletcher Christian cut his cable and left Taheite, the following persons were on board the Bounty: Fletcher Christian, John Main, Bill M'Koy, Billy Brown, Jack Williams, Neddy Young, Isaac Madden, Matt or Matthew, and Adam Smith, nine Europeans; Tiernua, Niau (a boy), and Manarii, Taheitans; Tararo, a Raiatean; and Oher and Titahiti, Tubuans. The Taheitan women were, Manuatua, Christian's wife; Vahmeatua, Main's wife; Teio, the wife of M'Koy, who was accompanied by her little daughter; Sarah Teatuahitea, Brown's wife; Faahotu, Williams's wife; Teraura, Young's wife; Teehuteatuaonoa or Jenny, Madden's wife, before mentioned; Obuarei, Adam Smith's wife; Tevarua, Matt's wife; Toofaiti, Tararo's wife; Mareva, common to the two Taheitans; and Tinafarnea, common to the two Tubuans.

"In their passage to Pitcairn's Island, they fell in with a low lacoon island, which they called

Vivini, where they got birds, eggs, and cocoa-nuts. They also passed between two mountainous islands, but the wind was so strong they could not find land.

"When they arrived at Pitcairn's Island, they ran the ship ashore. Fletcher Christian wanted to preserve the ship, but Matt said, "No, we shall be discovered;" so they burnt her. The island is small; has but one mountain, which is not high but flat, and fit for cultivation. They put up temporary houses of the leaves of the tea, and afterwards more durable ones, thatched with palm, as at Taheite. They found the bread-fruit there, and all were busily engaged in planting yams, taro, plantains, and aute, of which they made cloth. The account this woman gives of their proceedings in this new country is very amusing to the Taheitans. Neddy taught them to distil spirits from the tea-root. They made small canoes, and caught many fish. They climbed the precipices of the mountain, and got birds and eggs in abundance.

"In the mean time many children were born. Christian had a daughter, Mary, and two sons, Charley and Friday. John Main had two children, Betsy and John. Bill M'Koy had Sam and Kate. Neddy Young had no children by his own wife; but by Tararo, the wife of the Raiatean, he had three sons, George, Robert, and William. Matt has had five children, Matt, Jenny, Arthur, Sarah, and a young one, that died when seven days old.

"Adam Smith has Dinah, Eliza, Hannah, and George, by his wife. The Taheitans, &c. have left no children. Jack Williams's wife died of a scrophulous disease, which broke out in her neck. The Europeans took the three women belonging to the natives, Toofaiti, Mareva, and Tinafarnea, and cast lots for them, and the lot falling upon Toofaiti, she was taken from Tararo, and given to Jack Williams. Tararo wept at parting with his wife, and was very angry. He studied revenge, but was discovered, and Oher and he were shot. Titahiti was put in irons for some time, and afterwards released; when he and his wife lived with Madden, and wrought for him.

"Titahiti, Niau, Teimua, and Manarii still studied revenge; and having laid their plan when the women were gone to the mountain for birds, and the Europeans were scattered, they shot Christian, Main, Brown, Williams, and Madden. Adam Smith was wounded in the hand and face, but escaped with his life. Ned Young's life was saved by his wife; and the other women, and M'Koy and Matt, fled to the mountain.

"Inflamed with drinking the raw spirit they distilled, and fired with jealousy, Manarii killed Teimua by firing three shots through his body. The Europeans and women killed Manarii in return. Niau, getting a view of M'Koy, shot at him. Two of the women went under the pretence of seeing if he was killed, and made friends with him. They laid their plan, and at night Niau was killed by Young. Titahiti, the only remaining native man, was dreadfully afraid of being killed; but Young took a solemn oath that he would not kill him. The women, however, killed him, in revenge for the death of their

husbands. Old Matt, in a drunken fit, declaring that he would kill F. Christian's children, and all the English that remained, was put to death in his turn. Old M'Koy, mad with drink, plunged into the sea and drowned himself; and Ned Young died of a disease which broke out in his breast. Adam Smith therefore is the only survivor of the Europeans. Several of the women also are dead. Obuarei and Tevarua fell from the precipices when getting birds. Teatuahitea died of the dropsy; and Vahmeatua was killed, being pierced in her bowels when she was with child. The others were still alive when the woman left.

"The descendants of the Europeans, for there are no descendants of the natives, are very numerous. Of Christian's family, Mary Christian remains unmarried. Charley Christian married Sarah, the daughter of Teio. She has borne him Fletcher, Charley, and Sarah, and was with child again. Friday Christian has got Teraura, formerly the wife of Ned Young. She has borne him Joe, Charley, Polly, Peggy, and Mary. All these descendants of Christian, together with Manuatua, or old Mrs. Christian, yet survive. John Main was killed by falling from the rocks. Betty Main is the wife of young Matt, and has borne two sons, Matt and John. Sam M'Koy has taken Sarah Matt, and has by her Sam and M'Koy. Kate M'Koy is the wife of Arthur Matt, and they have three children, Arthur, Billy, and Joe. Dinah Smith is the wife of Edward Matt by Teraura. She has a young son.

"They have hogs and fowls, and are very diligent in cultivating the ground: they dress their food like the Taheitans, having no boilers; they make cloth, and clothe themselves like the Taheitans, the men with the maro and tibuta, the women with the paren and tibuta. They have sent away their still, the fruitful cause of so much mischief, in the American that called last; and they have obtained a boat from him, which greatly adds to their comfort. The women work hard in cultivating the ground, &c. This woman's hands are quite hard with work. They have a place of worship, and old Adam Smith officiates three times every Sunday. He prays extempore, but does not read. Their ceremonies of marriage, baptism, and funerals are very simple. It does not appear that any of the people have learned to read. The first settlers discouraged the Taheitan language, and promoted the speaking of English. This woman, however, can speak neither English nor Taheitan, but a jumble of both. They speak of seeing two ships some years ago, which kept in the offing, and did not come near the island; except Master Folger, as they call him, and the two king's ships, they have seen no ship till the American that brought away Jenny. Jenny says they would all like to come to Taheite or Eimae. We were thinking that they would be a great acquisition at Opunohu, along side of the sugar-works, as they have been accustomed to labour, for the Taheitans will not labour for any payment."

FRANK FOLLOWFAIR'S DEFENCE OF THE PRESENT FEMALE FASHIONS.

Dec. 4, 1819.

Mr. EDITOR,

IN your Magazine for November last, I perceive some very severe remarks on the present style of female dress; and with all due deference to your correspondent, I think he takes a wrong view of the matter. For my own part, I confess myself under infinite obligations to my fair countrywomen for the manner in which they dress: I make no doubt they have adopted it out of a generous consideration for us men; and perhaps my own example will shew, that their conduct in this respect has been attended with very good effects.

I am, sir, a man of business, and when in the streets I have generally very little time to spare; notwithstanding which, I never could resist the temptation of loitering, in order to gaze upon a pretty woman if I happened to meet one. Every body knows, that a man must be fastidious indeed who can walk half the length of a street in England, without acknowledging that he has met more than one handsome woman; consequently this unfortunate habit of mine occasioned me to suffer innumerable vexations. I was perpetually breaking appointments, or receiving reproaches for keeping people waiting; and in more than one instance, I have lost money by not being in time to receive it.

All these mishaps of mine, Mr. Editor, were solely owing to the manner in which the ladies then dressed, because it afforded us an opportunity of seeing beauty in all its native loveliness. The neat little cottage bonnet, as I believe the women called it, would have set off any countenance that had youth and innocence to recommend it; and the moderately sized hat shewed enough of the pretty face underneath to excite one's curiosity. The exquisite proportions of the shape were either alluringly displayed by the pelisse, or left to be guessed at by the partial concealment of a smart cloak. In short, so provokingly handsome did my fair countrywomen appear in those days, that I make no doubt many a man, as well as myself, has gone miles out of his way only for the pleasure of looking at them.

As, however, I could not make this excuse for the scrapes I was perpetually getting into, I began to be regarded as a negligent, careless fellow, totally unfit for business; and what might have been the consequence, Heaven knows, had not I suddenly recovered my reputation. I became punctual to my appointments; was observed to bustle along the streets with considerable despatch; and, in fine, began to bo regarded as a man who might one day get on in the world.

For this, Mr. Editor, I have to thank the ladies, for it was all owing to the alteration in their dress. Heaven bless the dear creatures! I do not think I have lost a quarter of an hour by peeping at them since the year 1815; for what with the quantity of furbelows at the bottom of the dress, the ruffs and pelerines which envelope the bust,

and the impossibility of guessing at the shape, from the back part of the girdle being placed between the shoulders, the only striking difference which one can perceive in the figures of my fair country-women is, that some are tall, and others short. And with respect to the face, our hearts are equally well defended; for as the chin is buried in the ruff, and the fore-head and eyes are concealed by the bonnet, there is little chance of one's being caught by a partial view of the nose and mouth, even if they should happen to be hand-some; but if they are not, a lady may, in other respects, be a Venus without exciting even a glance. The case of a cousin of mine will serve to illustrate the truth of this observation: The upper part of her face is very lovely, and there is something altogether so pleasing in her countenance, when it can be fairly seen, that she has often car-ried the palm from beauties; and I remember when she could not walk out without being teased to death by the admiration of the men; but ever since the introduc-tion of large bonnets, she is as lit-tle noticed in the streets as if she were seventy.

Now, sir, I cannot help think-ing, that this plain statement of facts refutes, in some degree, the heavy charge of vanity and giddi-ness brought by P's and Q's against the British ladies; for how can they be vain, whose chief aim is to conceal their charms? and cer-tainly the careful and premedita-ted manner in which they do it, evinces a degree of solidity very incompatible with giddiness.

As to the annoyance which the head-dresses worn at present, do give to us men in public places, I am compelled to own there is some truth in that part of P's and Q's complaint; but the ladies may plead precedent in that particular, for he will find the writers in the excellent periodical work, *The Mirror*, have, if I am not mistaken, more than once made bitter com-plaints of the high feathers and wire bonnets worn in their days. Certainly these coverings for the head were much more inconveni-ent to our fathers than the modern *chapeaux* can be to us; for we find that they not only prevented a man from seeing, but if he was obsti-nate enough to think of obtaining a peep now and then in spite of them, and to press forward for that purpose, he received, at every turn of his fair neighbour's head, either a whisk from her feathers, or a poke from the wires of her bonnet. Ought we not then, Mr. Editor, to be very thankful, that our lovely contemporaries do not carry things with so high a hand as their mam-mas, but content themselves with merely depriving us of seeing and hearing, without either endanger-ing our eyes, or scratching our noses?

If, Mr. Editor, you can give this defence of our fair fellow-subjects a place in the *Repository*, you will much oblige your very humble servant,

FRANK FOLLOWFAIR.

ON THE CHARACTER OF JAQUES.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 325.)

This mixture of melancholy and misanthropy in the character of Jaques is more agreeable to human nature than the representation of either of the extremes; for a complete misanthrope is as uncommon an object as a man who suffers injury without resentment. Mankind hold a sort of middle rank, and are in general too good for the one, and too bad for the other. As benevolence and sensibility are manifest in the temper of Jaques, we are not offended with his severity. By the oddity of his manner, by the keenness of his remarks, and shrewdness of his observations, while we are instructed, we are also amused. He is precisely what he himself tells us, often wrapped " in a most humourous sadness." His sadness, of a mild and gentle nature, recommends him to our regard; his humour amuses.

A picture of this kind shews us the fertility of Shakspeare's genius, his knowledge of human nature, and the accuracy of his pencil, much more than if he had represented in striking colours either of the component parts. By running them into one another, and by delineating their shades where they are gradually and almost imperceptibly blended together, the extent and delicacy of his conceptions, and his amazing powers of execution, are fully evident. Violent and impetuous passions are obvious, their colours are vivid, their features strongly marked, they may easily be discerned and easily copied. But the sensibility of the soul flows out in a variety of emotions and feelings, whose impulses are less apparent, and whose progress and operation may escape the notice of superficial observers; but whose influence in governing the conduct, and fashioning the tempers of mankind, is more extensive than we are apt to imagine. Many passions and affections of an insinuating rather than urgent nature gain an ascendant in the soul by silent and unobserved approaches. Not to be discerned in the gestures or countenance till they have established a peculiar habit or temper, they are represented to us by those only whom nature has distinguished; and whom, by rendering them exquisitely susceptible of every feeling, she has rendered supremely happy, or miserable beyond the common lot of humanity. To men of this character, endowed with lively imaginations, and a talent of easy expression, the most delicate emotions and affections of the soul submit themselves, suffering them to copy their true appearance, and exhibit them for the profit and pleasure of mankind: like those aërial agents, the sylphs, fairies, and other divinities of the poets, that preside over the seasons, and regulate the progress of vegetation, but which can only be rendered visible by the spells and authority of a skilful magician.

That Jaques, on account of disappointments in friendship, should become reserved and censorious, is agreeable to human nature: but

is it natural that he should abjure pleasure, and consider the world and every enjoyment of sense as frivolous and inexpedient? Ought he not rather to have recurred to them for consolation? On the contrary, he expatiates with satisfaction on the insufficiency of human happiness, and on the insignificance of our pursuits.

That the heart, sorrowful and dejected by the repulse of an ardent passion, is averse from pleasure of every kind, has been often observed. The mind, in a gay and healthful state, receives hope and enjoyment from every object around us. The same objects, if we languish and despond, are regarded with disgust and indifference. "What path of life would you pursue?" said Poscidippus, morose, and out of humour with his condition: "in public you are perplexed with business and contention: at home, you are tired with cares: in the country, you are fatigued with labour: at sea, you are exposed to danger: in a foreign land, if rich, you are fearful; if poor, neglected: have you a wife? expect sorrow: unmarried? your life is irksome: children will make you anxious: childless, your life is lonely: youth is foolish; and grey hairs feeble. Upon the whole, the wise man would choose either not to have existed, or to have died the moment of his birth."—"Choose any path of life," replies the cheerful Metrodorus: "in the forum are profits and wise debates: at home, relaxation: in the country, the bounty of nature: the sea-faring life is gainful: in a foreign land, if wealthy, you are respected; if poor, nobody knows it: are you married? your house is cheerful: unmarried? you live without care: children afford delight: childless, you have no sorrow: youth is vigorous; and old age venerable. The wise man, therefore, would not choose but to have existed." Morose and splenetic moments are transient; the soul recovers from them as from a lethargy, exerts her activity, and pursues enjoyment: but, in the temper of Jaques, moroseness is become habitual; he abandons the world, he contemns its pleasure, and buries himself in a cloister. The cause of this excessive severity requires a particular explanation.

Among the various desires and propensities implanted by nature in the constitution of every individual, some one passion, either by original and superior vigour, or by reiterated indulgence, gains an ascendant in the soul, and subdues every opposing principle; it unites with desires and appetites that are not of an opposite tendency, it bends them to its pleasure, and in their gratifications pursues its own. The man whose governing passion is pride, may also be social and beneficent; he may love his friends, and rejoice in their good fortune; but, even in their company, the desire of impressing them with an idea of his own importance, for ever obtruding itself, produces disgust and aversion. The ruling passion, blended with others, augments their vehemence, and consequently enhances their pleasure: for the pleasure arising from the gratification of any passion, is proportioned to its force. Moreover, the sensations arising from the in-

dulgence of the governing principle will necessarily be combined with those arising from the gratification of other appetites and desires; so intimately combined, that their union is not easily discerned, but by those who are accustomed to reflect on their feelings: yet, by their union, they affect the mind with a stronger impulse than if they were separately excited. Suppose the ruling passion thwarted, it ceases to operate with success: the force it communicated to other passions is withdrawn; consequently, their vehemence suffers abatement; and, consequently, the pleasure they yield is lessened. By the discomfiture and disappointment of the governing principle, the pleasure arising from its gratification is no longer united with that arising from other active but subordinate principles: and thus, the pleasure resulting from subordinate principles, by the failure and absence of the adventitious pleasure with which it was formerly accompanied, is sensibly diminished. It is, therefore, manifest, that, if social and beneficent affections, by gaining a superiority in the constitution, have heightened every other enjoyment, and if their exercise is suspended by disappointment, all the pleasures of sense or of ambition that formerly contributed to our felicity, though in themselves they are still the same; yet, being reft of their better part, of the spirit that enlivened them, they strike the mind so feebly, as only to awaken its attention to the loss it hath sustained; and, instead of affording comfort, aggravate our misfortune. We estimate their importance, not as they really are, but as they affect us in our present state; we undervalue and despise them.

We may also observe, that social and beneficent affections are in their own nature gay and exhilarating; and that, by extending their influence to other active principles which are not opposed to them, they accelerate their motions and augment their vivacity. They animate, and even inflame the inferior appetites; and where reason, and other serious principles, are not invested with supreme authority, they expose us to the anarchy of unlawful passions. There are many instances of men betrayed into habits of profligacy and dissipation, by the influence of their social affection. These men, disappointed and chagrined with the world, and, consequently, with every pleasure, to whose energy the love of society contributed, consider the enjoyments arising from inferior appetites, not as they really are, when governed and guided by reason, but immoderate and pernicious, agreeably to their own experience. Reformed profligates are often very eloquent teachers of abstinence and self-denial. Polemo, converted by Xenocrates from a course of wild extravagance, became eminent in the school of Plato. The wisdom of Solomon was, in like manner, the child of folly. And the melancholy Jaques would not have moralized so profoundly, had he not been, as we are told in the play, a dissipated and sensual libertine.

To the foregoing observations, and to the consistency of Jaques's character, one thing may be ob-

jected: he is fond of music. But surely music is an enjoyment of sense; it affords pleasure; it is admitted to every joyous scene, and augments their gaiety. How can this be explained?

Though action seems essential to our happiness, the mind never exerts itself unless it be actuated by some passion or desire. Thinking appears to be necessary to its existence; for surely that quality is necessary, without which the object cannot be conceived. But the existence of thinking depends upon thoughts or ideas; and, consequently, whether the mind is active or not, ideas are present to the thinking faculty. The motions and laws observed by our thoughts in the impressions they make on us, vary according as the soul may be influenced by various passions. At one time, they move with incredible celerity; they seem to rush upon us in the wildest disorder, and those of the most opposite character and complexion unite in the same assemblage. At other times, they are slow, regular, and uniform. Now, it is obvious, that their rapidity must be occasioned by the eagerness of an impelling passion, and that their wild extravagance proceeds from the energies of various passions operating at once or alternately. Passions, appetites, and desires, are the principles of action, and govern the motions of our thoughts: yet they are themselves dependent: they depend on our present humour, or state of mind, and on our temporary capacity of receiving pleasure or pain. It is always to obtain some enjoyment, or to avoid some pain or uneasiness, that we indulge the violence of desire, and enter eagerly into the hurry of thoughts and of action. But if we are languid and desponding, if melancholy diffuses itself through the soul, we no longer cherish the gay illusions of hope; no pleasure seems worthy of our attention; we reject consolation, and brood over the images of our distress. In this state of mind, we are animated by no vigorous or lively passion; our thoughts are quickened by no violent impulse: they resemble one another; we frequently return to the same images: our tone of mind continues the same, unless a desire or wish intervenes, that our condition were somehow different; and as this suggests to us a state of circumstances and events very different from what we suffer, our affliction is aggravated by the contrast, and we sink into deeper sorrow. Precisely agreeable to this description, is the character of melancholy music. The sounds, that is, the objects it conveys to the mind, move slowly; they partake of little variety, or, if they are considerably varied, it is by a contrast that heightens the expression. Slow sounds, gentle zephyrs, and murmuring streams, are agreeable to the afflicted lover; and the dreary whistling of the midnight wind through the crevices of a darksome cloister, cherishes the melancholy of the trembling nun, and disposes her to a gloomy and austere devotion.

RICHARDSON.

THE GENEROUS LOVER:

A Tale, from the Spanish of CERVANTES.

(Continued from vol. VIII. p. 258.)

"I WILL," replied Richard, "be guided by you in every thing." He then averted his eyes, lest his emotions should be perceived by Leonisa, who was herself in tears. The cadi approached her a moment afterwards, and taking her by the hand, ordered Mahomet to conduct her into the city, to his wife Halima, and direct that she should be treated with every respect due to the Grand Seignior, whose slave she now was. Mahomet obeyed, and quitted the tent with his fair charge. Richard then endeavoured to enter into conversation with the Jew, in hopes of learning from him where he had purchased his mistress; and heard, that she had been sold to him in the Island of Pantalaria by certain Turks, who had been shipwrecked on the coast. He was about to continue his recital, when the bashaws and the cadi, equally desirous of hearing the adventures of their fair enslaver, summoned him to them for that purpose.

Mahomet, whilst conveying the lovely slave to Nicosia, was more successful. He demanded, in Italian, the place of her birth, which she informed him was Trapani. "Since you come from Trapani," continued he, "you are doubtless acquainted with a noble youth of that city named Richard: his family, I believe, are highly esteemed there."—Leonisa sighed, and answered with hesitation, that she had some knowledge of him.—"You must also remember another gentleman," pursued Mahomet, "of the same city; rich, generous, and handsome: I think his name is Cornelius."—"To my misfortune," replied Leonisa, "I know him but too well." She turned pale in saying these words, which were uttered in a tone of contempt and disdain. "But who are you," demanded she, "who appear to be acquainted with these gentlemen, and inquire with such freedom after them?"—"I am a native of Palermo," said the subtle and pretended Musselman; "and if you are surprised at seeing me in this dress, you would be still more so were I to relate to you the singular adventures which have compelled me to assume it. I know both Richard and Cornelius, from having had charge of them not many months since. Some Moors from Barbary sold Cornelius to a Turkish merchant, who brought him to this island with his other merchandize: he has now gained his master's confidence, and is intrusted with the care of his property."—"His master is in the right," replied Leonisa: "Cornelius will never waste his fortune; he is too well accustomed to attend to the preservation of his own. But to return to Richard: tell me, I beg of you, how and with whom he came to this island."—"He landed here," resumed Mahomet, "with a corsair, who had surprised him in a garden near Trapani, at the same time with a beautiful maiden, whose name he never would tell me. He remained here some time with his master; and when the latter under-

took a journey to Mecca, to visit the sepulchre of Mahomet, his unfortunate slave fell ill, and the corsair left him under my care, desiring me, as his fellow-countryman, to use my best exertions for the recovery of his health, and then to send him to Constantinople, where he intended to reside: but Heaven had ordained otherwise. Richard expired a few days after his master's departure, pronouncing the name of one Leonisa, whom he appeared to love far better than life: indeed grief for her loss was the real cause of his disorder and premature death. He told me, that this Leonisa was on board another of the pirate vessels, which was lost on the rocks of Pantalaria; that he had seen her perish, and never afterwards experienced the least happiness, but in the idea that he should not long survive her."

On hearing this, Leonisa drew a deep sigh, and seemed ready to faint; but commanding her emotion, "And pray," asked she, assuming the appearance of indifference, "did Cornelius never mention to you the name of Leonisa? Did he never relate to you the circumstances attending her capture at the same time with the unfortunate Richard?"—"He did mention something about her," replied Mahomet: "he inquired whither she had been conveyed, and stated his intention of ransoming her, provided the corsair, her master, had not been informed that she was of a noble and rich family, and being tired of her, might be willing to part with her for a moderate ransom; that is to say, he would not scruple fourteen or fifteen hundred crowns in consideration of formerly having had some regard for her."—"Certainly," returned Leonisa, "it must have been very small, since it extended no further than that paltry price: but neither generosity nor courage ever had much sway in his soul. Those noble qualities were possessed by Richard alone. O Heaven!" exclaimed she, unable longer to retain herself, "forgive the cause of his untimely death! I am that ungrateful Leonisa whose loss he deplored, and whose cruelty and caprice have destroyed the noblest youth in Italy. Unpitying, unjust fate! the unworthy Cornelius has been preserved, while his generous rival has sunk under misfortune and grief. Oh, dearest Richard! could you but now see the real feelings of her who repents too late of her cruel scorn of your true attachment, you would be sufficiently avenged. Alas! have I not already suffered enough to appease your angry spirit? For pity's sake, sir, whoever you are, take compassion on an unfortunate maid, whom Heaven seems to have thrown on your protection, and let your advice be her guide, your kindness her consolation till death ends her sufferings: God grant that time be not distant." At these words, her voice became inaudible from her sobs; and Mahomet, much affected, assured her, that he deeply felt for her misfortunes, and not only would protect her as far as possible, but would use his utmost endeavours to meliorate her present situation. He acquainted her with the quarrel between the two bashaws, and that she was at present in the power of the cadi

his master, who had taken upon himself to conduct her to Constantinople, and present her to the sultan. "I hope, however," said he, "that Heaven will ordain it otherwise. You have been preserved hitherto almost miraculously; trust in its future protection." He advised her, however, to insinuate herself into the good graces of the cadi's wife, into whose charge he was going to consign her; and drew a character of that lady for her information, delineating those foibles which required flattery, and those passions she must forbear to rouse.

Halima received Leonisa with much kindness. She was charmed with her beauty, her elegance, the richness of her dress, and particularly with her modest and unassuming manners. Mahomet, after delivering the commands of the cadi, returned to the tent where he had left his transported friend. Richard flew to meet him, and acquainted him, that since his departure the two bashaws had been reconciled, and he feared lest Leonisa was to be the pledge of their new friendship. "I tremble for the consequences of their violence," continued he; "yet our first plan must be to prevent her being sent to the sultan."—"And our first step," replied Mahomet, "shall be, to induce my master to purchase you: then we can form our schemes; we neither want courage nor ingenuity, and I dare predict, that your lovely Leonisa shall never swell the train of the sultan's slaves." At this moment the overseer of Azan approached, and Richard was compelled to leave his friend. The cadi and the new viceroy entered the city, and Ali took his departure shortly after having received his letters for Constantinople.

Influenced by Mahomet's persuasion, in a few days the cadi purchased Richard from his master, and placed him about his own person. His name was changed to that of Marius, and thus disguised, he waited impatiently for some opportunity of beholding his charming mistress. Owing to the jealous temper of the Moors, who seldom permit their women to leave their own apartments, many days elapsed, during which Leonisa remained in the house, and unwittingly pained her anxious lover by exciting a thousand jealous fears in his mind. Halima, who did not feel the same attachment to solitude as the beautiful slave, frequently appeared at the windows, and one day perceived Marius gazing, as she imagined, at the balcony at which she stood. The heart of a young woman, wedded to an old husband, is usually unfettered; and the handsome face and elegant form of Marius fascinated her eye, and awakened the first emotions of love in her breast. On inquiry, she learned that he belonged to her husband, was of the same country as Mahomet, and a man of rank and fortune. As she really loved Leonisa, who was of a mild and engaging disposition, and studied to conform to her caprices, and even respected her, not only because she was destined for the sultan, but because she discovered her to be no less prudent and discreet than she was beautiful, she resolved to confide this new passion to her. "We

cannot resist our destiny, my dear Leonisa," said she: "as we women are born to be loved, so we are also born to feel love, and we are no longer mistresses of ourselves when once assailed by that powerful sentiment. Alas! I feel my words are but too true. I love a Christian slave lately purchased by the cadi: he is elegant, handsome, noble, and a native of your own country; in short, he has every quality calculated to inspire the tender passion. Yet how can I intimate to him the conquest he has made? Should I offer the first advances, and he not return my passion, I never could survive my disgrace." Leonisa asked the name of the slave; and being informed he was called Marius, "If he were a nobleman, and born in the place you mention," said she, "I ought certainly to know him; but I am sure no person of that name resided at Trapani. Procure me, however, an interview with him, and rely on my informing you who he is, and what prospect there may be of success for your attachment." —"On Friday next," replied Halima, "when the cadi is gone to the mosque, we will order this youth to be brought into your apartments, and if you should think proper to sound him on the subject, I rely upon your regard for me."

Meanwhile the cadi had already confided his passion for the lovely Leonisa to Mahomet; and his friend swearing he would rather die a thousand deaths than part with her, even to the Grand Seignior himself, he encouraged his hopes; proposed that as Marius was a native of the same place, he should be confided in to promote his master's suit, and for that purpose, free admittance to the lovely slave should be allowed him; and suggested the facility with which the rumour of her death might be spread abroad in case of success, and thus all further inquiries be avoided.

(To be continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

I KNOW nothing at all about you, except what I have learned from your paper for January; and I see by the magisterial tone in which you conclude it, that you must either be a person of no small consequence, or one of the most impudent fellows in the creation. As I am always desirous to look on the most favourable side of things, I am willing to suppose the former is the case, and in that supposition I request your advice; provided I can have it gratis, for I have just escaped from the hands of a lawyer and a physician, both of whom have so completely sickened me of paying for advice, that I have sworn never to expend a shilling in that way again.

Having premised this, I shall proceed to expose my case, which is rather of a singular nature. I have the misfortune to be the husband of the most prudent woman in the world. How, methinks you ask, can this be a misfortune? Indeed it is, Mr. Adviser, and a very serious one, as you will find, if you

you have patience to peruse my letter.

I was left at a very early age to my own guidance, and being of a warm and thoughtless temper, soon injured my fortune, though more from the facility with which I obliged my friends, than from any extravagance of my own. However, before I had proceeded too far, I began to see my folly; and as the first step towards a reformation, I determined to marry and settle; wisely resolving, that I would seek in a wife those qualities in which I found myself the most deficient, in order to preserve my remaining property.

I looked round the circle of my female acquaintance very carefully, to find this sage fair-one, and though my heart was often assailed by bright eyes and bewitching smiles, yet I was so bent upon making a prudent choice, that I resolutely rejected every temptation of that sort, and gave my hand to Miss Staidbody, solely because every one extolled her as the most prudent and steady girl in the world.

My helpmate's manners and appearance justified these eulogiums: she was grave and reserved, but appeared extremely mild and gentle; so much so, indeed, that during the first three weeks, I could not perceive that she shewed, in any instance, the least desire to have a will of her own; and I began to be apprehensive that I should lose the benefit of her prudence and steadiness, through the too great timidity of her disposition. But I soon found that this fear was groundless, for my meek mate turned out to be the most despotic being on earth. She has taken advantage of my constitutional failings, to subjugate me completely; and if I ever, in any instance, venture to act contrary to her opinion, it is a hundred to one that I get into a scrape, which furnishes her with occasion to reflect, for a month at least, upon my excessive imprudence.

If I purpose doing any thing, the words "Will it be prudent?" with which she is sure to assail me, paralyze me at once; and if I recover my spirits so far as to attempt to discuss the matter, she conjures up such a catalogue of evils which may arise from my intended measure, that I generally give up the point in despair. It is no matter whether it is a trifle or a thing of importance, my wife's prudence is as much upon the alert on one occasion as the other. Owing to this confounded virtue of hers, I am deprived of every comfort of my life: I am forced to live almost without society, because, in these hard times, we must in common prudence be economical; and if we begin by having dinner company, one party will lead to another, until our expenses will become ruinous.

I have lately lost the best friend I had on earth, owing to her keeping me debating the imprudence of lending him a small sum, till the hour at which I had positively promised to send it was past. She has recently drawn me into a most vexatious and expensive law-suit, by incessantly reproaching me with the imprudence I was guilty of in letting my claim to the property of a distant relation lie dormant, though, as it afterwards

turned out, the man died worth nothing: and lastly, her excessive prudence has nearly cost me my life; for I happened, about two months since, to catch a slight cold, and she worried me so terribly about my folly in neglecting to check the progress of the disease in time, that, for the sake of quiet, I suffered her to send for Mr. Lancet, who bled, blistered, and dosed me, till he had nearly quieted me for ever. I must not, however, throw the whole blame on the poor fellow neither; for my wife did not think him sufficiently prudent in regard to my diet, so she took the management of that upon herself, and in order to prevent the approach of fever, she almost starved me.

Her conduct in this instance has roused me at last to a spirit of resistance; I am determined to take the management of my affairs into my own hands, convinced that I cannot suffer more inconvenience from thoughtlessness and precipitancy, than I have endured through her caution and prudence. But I am a little at a loss how to break the matter to her; and it is in this particular that I wish for your advice. Favour me with it, my good sir; and if I am so fortunate as to profit by it, I will permit you to make the same use of my name, that the venders of quack medicines do of their surviving patients; that is to say, you may use my case, to lure others into taking your advice. I am, sir, your most obedient,

TRISTRAM THINKLITTLE.

I must tell Mr. Thinklittle, who, by the bye, is not a man of much ceremony, that the only advice I can give him is, if he mean seriously to assert his claim to domestic dominion, never to argue a point with his wife; since it is clear, according to his own account, that if she is not the best, at least she is the most subtle reasoner of the two. His only chance of having his orders obeyed, will be to issue them with the tone of a master, without ever consulting her upon their propriety or impropriety. If he can do this, and has nerve enough (which, however, I doubt,) to stand a few tears and reproaches, or else a sullen fit, he may regain his conjugal authority. He has himself only to blame for the loss of it: he pursued a wrong method at first, and it was very natural for his wife to take up the power which he seemed so willing to lay down.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

I am one of those people, Mr. Adviser, whom the world calls very fortunate: I am young, rich, well born; my person is not disagreeable, my health is good, and though I have not the ambition of passing for a wit, I am generally allowed to possess a good understanding. Pardon this detail, Mr. Adviser; it does not arise from egotism. The fact is, that with all these seeming requisites for happiness, with a conscience, too, tolerably clear for a young man who has lived in the gay world, I am in reality wretched. Nothing amuses, nothing interests me; I go on from year to year in the same dull round; and so tedious is my existence, that, were it not for my sense of religion, I

should before this have put an end to it. If, sir, you are able to point out any way by which I could lighten the load of life, you would confer upon me an everlasting obligation. Amusement I have tried in vain; employment only serves to fatigue me: tell me then, is there any hope left for

HARRY HEAVYHEART?

I sincerely pity this correspondent, for of all maladies, that sickness of the mind which produces, without any actual cause, a disgust to life, is the most dreadful. It is not, however, utterly hopeless. Mr. Heavyheart declares against employment, yet it is to employment alone he must look for relief; and if he be not indeed past cure, the one with which I would recommend him to begin, will afford it. Let him search among the destitute and afflicted for fit objects of his benevolence—alas! he will find too many—let him contrast his case with theirs; and while with the surplus of his wealth he relieves, in some degree, the real and heavy evils which they sustain, it will not be possible, provided his heart is in the right place, for him to avoid feeling a part of the pleasure which he communicates.

I know not, indeed, any other effectual method of banishing the lassitude, dejection of spirit, and inability to be pleased, which are the constant attendants on his unhappy state of mind. I have formerly known people who were afflicted with this mental malady, in all its various stages, from the first symptoms, for which we borrow the French term *ennui*, to the last stage of confirmed despondency; and I have heard some of them declare, that it gave way, as if by magic, to even a trifling exertion of humanity.

I particularly remember one instance, where the disorder was considered absolutely incurable, for all the usual remedies had failed. The unfortunate sufferer had thrown away immense sums at the hazard-tables, and on the race-course, in pursuit of his lost energies; in vain he had hazarded his neck in a contest with Tom Tightrein, the most celebrated coachman in England, and mortgaged his last estate, in order to comply with the only terms on which the divine Signora Warblini would condescend to accept of his devoirs, without the smallest prospect of even a mitigation of his malady. Soon afterwards his cure was begun by assisting to lift up an old woman who had fallen into a fit in the street; conveying her to her lodging, procuring medical assistance for her, and giving a few pounds to buy her necessaries till she recovered. He found his disorder so far abated by the exertion he used on that occasion, that he continued to try experiments of a similar nature, till, in a short time, he was effectually cured.

If my correspondent is inclined to doubt the truth of this case, I can only say, I am willing to submit the matter to a fair trial. Let him use the remedy I prescribe, for a few weeks only, and if he can then assure me, upon his honour, that he has found no benefit by it, I shall resign the reputation I have acquired all over Europe for superior sagacity, and admit that my advice is not worth a farthing.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A WOULD-BE AUTHOR.

Chap. X.

MY INVOLUNTARY IMITATIONS—DRAMATIC DESCRIPTION OF AN AUTHOR—AN AUTHOR'S DREAM—ANTICIPATION OF EDITORSHIP.

You may congratulate yourself, Mr. Editor, on things as they are; for had I been now asleep in St. Paul's or the Abbey, the pages of the *Repository of Arts* would not have been enlightened by my lucubrations. Had I come into "this breathing world" before Shakespeare, Shakspeare, or Shakspere (for it seems commentators are not yet decided in what manner he spelt his name); had I, I repeat, come into the world before the Swan of Avon, Milton, or fifty others, what a passport I should have procured myself to the temple of Fame, long before these monopolizers of wit could have dreamed of possessing a niche there! What sublimity, what pathos, what truth and nature, would then have emanated from my pen! But no; if I hit on a beautiful idea, I find a parallel of it in Milton; if I write a sublime figure, I am told it is stolen from Shakspeare.

I will allow, that the manner in which I have devoured many books makes me forget them. Although their various sentiments get huddled up in the pineal gland, and finding their way out again into my manuscript without their owner's mark upon them, I am apt to imagine them to be my own. It is true, Mr. Editor, that two great men may think alike; but how is it, that when I am really witty, my matter is always given to Congreve or Fielding, instead of the right owner? Envy is doubtless the propagator of this poverty of praise. Yet nothing shall dissuade me from believing, that I am the first of geniuses.

This, by the way, is meant aside, as they do it at the theatres, so that all the house may hear it.

Sir, I last week shewed one of the most delightful poems in the world to a friend of mine (I am thoroughly myself convinced of its great merit), and what was the result? Why, sir, in gratitude for letting him see this divine performance in MS. he burst into the most immoderate fits of laughter at the most pathetic parts; and those lines he liked best, he swore were taken from Cowley. But shall I conceive this impious laughter was the effect of bathos in my verses? No, sir; the fault was his: if he possessed not sufficient sensibility to relish my effusion, am I to blame? Certainly not; and if I were to consider his criticism as just, and make myself unhappy because I could not write poetry, should not I be a great noodle; when by imagining myself Theocritus, Bion, or Moschus, I make myself happy for life? I shall therefore proceed, as many have done before me, and write on, valuing the satisfaction I receive from my own pen, more than all the pleasure I may give the world by my silence.

I am well aware, that some persons may say, that being born be-

fore Rogers or Campbell, Byron or Walter Scott, I had the field open to me. I shall make no answer, but regard it as an impertinent attempt to fish out my age, which, for particular reasons, I am determined to conceal. But to proceed with some reference to my last portion of matter.

Finding my success in love little superior to my progress in literature, I again ventured on the latter pursuit, as the most harmless and least offensive. Resting on my sofa, I cast an eye of benignity over my books, and apostrophized them—(for what is a literary character without an apostrophe?)—in the tenderest manner: "Dear companions of my solitude," I exclaimed, "I once more return to your embraces! You who always receive me with smiles, you would always make me happy! Adieu, vain world, then! I heed not your impertinencies or your cares, while such resources remain open to me."

There is a great deal in fancy, for I fancied after this speech, for five minutes, that books alone could make me happy. I rose, folded my robe-de-chambre à la Kemble round me, and again throwing myself (for we authors always throw ourselves) on the sofa, prepared for another lucubration, directed to my old friend the *Imperial Magazine*, and remained for some time plunged in thought. My costume and my attitudes were correct, nay they were highly theatrical. Just see, Mr. Editor, how it reads, and if you understand theatrical *tact*, you will know how to apply it.

Act I. Scene I. Small study; a sofa in *flat;* Mr. Gilliflower discovered reading, in a Scotch mantle and red morocco slippers; a table before him, upon which are two or three elegantly bound volumes, a bouquet of flowers, his watch, a glass of water, a wax-light, and an elegant rose-wood desk. In the wings are seen book-shelves surmounted with the busts of literary characters, an old *viol di gamba*, and a few pictures.—Is it not correct? You will please to observe, that this is the study of a *dilletanti* author; none of your musty folio-writers, or we should strew the floor with dusty quartos and black-letter folios: nathless (as Dan Gower says) you may throw some elegantly bound lumber on the floor, while I clap one under my foot, and then you have the portrait of an author.

You must acknowledge all this is in accord. A friend of mine, indeed, once fitted up a study with cages for canary-birds, to amuse him until any caller arrived: but his was but a holiday study. I remember, too, calling upon another acquaintance rather too early, when my feet were arrested by the following orders: "Julian, do make haste, and be more correct for the future. I shall have somebody call before you properly arrange the apartments. Put the music on the table in a more elegant disorder; lay the instruments more irregularly, they group abominably; and place the chairs, d'ye hear, as though the quintetto were just concluded. Come, make haste, give me the hautboy; we shall have a knock in a moment!—Ah! my

dear Gilly," he exclaimed as I entered, and concealing his surprise, "I have been telling this tiresome creature to clear the room of all this litter; but really I fagged so hard last night, after my concert was over, at a passage of Corelli's, and kept the poor devil up so late, that he has not had time."—— Now this was downright impudence, as Sir Dilberry Dibble must know that I was aware he did not understand a note of music, and that I always found the same elegant derangement whenever I visited his chambers.

I, however, really did write a paper, which I sent to my favourite Miscellany; when again I became listless and neglectful of those friends whom I had but just now so affectionately panegyrized. Mitis sat purring on my knee, pleased with the notice I was taking of her; the hearth was swept clean, every thing was in order, and had I met with any real misfortune during the last week, I should probably have been as happy as now. I was the victim of *ennui*. "Alas!" I exclaimed, "how can I bear this load of life, this even current of satiety? — Sing on, Mitis! thou art happier than thy master, for thou art cheered by the smiles of thine own species."

The cat set up its ears, as if about to realize the fable. "Oh! were it mine," I continued, "to be cheered through each toilsome line by the smiles of one who would renovate my lay! Thomson had his Amanda, Shenstone his Delia, Prior his Chloe, and Waller his Saccharissa; but I, single and solitary, have no fair-one to admire the strain, or to hand down to posterity in my verse!"

About this time I closed my eyes and slept, and sleeping, dreamed. Methought I was seated upon a large bundle of post writing-paper (for I like to be particular even in my dreams), when the figure of a god appeared to me, not unlike the *mumbo-jumbo* of the Hottentots: his head was decorated with goose-quills, and he was crowned with scrolls of foolscap writing-paper. At his feet a number of poor objects lay prostrate, and doing him homage, who were introduced to him by a little black devil, who held in his hand a bill-sticker's staff for a wand of ceremony. To my surprise, he accosted me by my proper name, and promised to introduce me to the genius of the *Imperial Magazine*, who was now holding his levee. He was about to do this, when, on a sudden, the figure vanished, and, according to "the proper stuff that dreams are made of," he changed to the form of Mr. Vampum, of whom I have made no very honourable mention in my fifth chapter.

He addressed me familiarly, and congratulated himself on my appearing to know him better when introduced to me as the genius of a magazine. "At any rate," he continued, "I am glad to see you, as I have much to propose. Know, then, that long under the various signatures under which you have deployed (as we say in the army), I have traced you until you became a contributor to the *Imperial Magazine*, the editors of which do not reward you according to your merit. Though you could not under-

take a Life of Algernon Sydney, you are competent to many other things. The proprietors, however, will soon be bankrupts; their publication will be to be sold; purchase it, for the work, under the care of so indefatigable a writer as yourself, must answer; and you may write then what you please with impunity, without an editor over you, plaguing you with all the ills a scribbler is heir to." He would have said more, but, unfortunately, I somehow struck my hand against the spout of a tea-kettle, which was singing on the fire, instead of the proffered hand of Mr. Vampum; and deeming this a warmer proof of friendship than was consistent with the coolness of my disposition, I roared out with agony, to the no small discomfiture of puss, who reared her back at me, as if fearful of a personal attack.

The momentary agony I suffered from this rencontre, put, for the present, all literary thoughts out of my head. Calmness, however, returned, and with it the remembrance of my dream, which I at first treated as a mere flight of fancy; but which, at length, in my creative brain, began to assume a more tangible form. Dreams, I remembered, were often the precursors of good fortune; and however I might have ridiculed the idea of their truth to any other person, I regarded it in my own mind as a happy omen. The pleasures of editorship also arranged themselves in all their golden colours. To become, in my turn, the castigator, the arbiter of every youthful essayist; to have my candour or good-humour courted, as "My dear Mr. Editor;" to be allowed to insert whatever I chose; and to be uncontrouled by any one who could refuse my lucubrations, were all so many golden baits. Then to arrange with engravers and painters was indeed a dream, but one so delightful, that I feared to awaken from it.

It is true, the present proprietors seemed to have a proper value for my literary attainments, but sometimes the MS. or part of what I really inundated them with, was returned, as "not exactly suiting the nature of our work:" this could never occur if I reigned alone supreme. As some poor stage-struck wight, who, playing second or third rate characters in a barn, with slow but certain remuneration at the end of the week, beholds with envy the top characters of Hamlet or Harlequin, Macbeth or Jeremy Diddler, Othello or Caleb Quotem, sustained always by the manager, while he is condemned to play *flat*, lest he should extort a part of that applause which was meant for his master—views, on a failure of the firm, an opportunity of becoming manager himself; fatigues his friends for borrowed loans, though he embarks in his "Shippe of Fooles" to be wrecked, ruined, imprisoned: so did I long to become the editor of the *Imperial Magazine!*

THE MODERN CINDERELLA.

All Paris is at this moment laughing at the adventure of the Marquis de C——, who is too happy in its consequences to mind the ridicule of his friends. As he was coming out of one of the theatres a little while ago, he chanced to tread upon something, which, upon stooping to examine it, he discovered to be a little silk slipper. We have each our hobby-horse: the marquis's is a passionate admirer of pretty little feet. All the temporary sovereigns of his heart, and they have been pretty numerous even for a Frenchman, were distinguished by this charm; but there was not one among these fair-ones whom this diminutive slipper would fit. "What a beautiful foot the owner must have!" said he, involuntarily, as he kept looking at it; "and perhaps the rest of her person is equally perfect. Ah, heavens! if so, what a charming creature she must be!" He put the slipper in his pocket, and went home.

For some days afterwards he amused himself with peeping at the feet of every lady he saw, but how frightfully large did even the smallest foot appear when compared with the slipper! He determined very often to think no more about it; but, as if there were a spell attached to it, the moment he cast his eyes upon a woman, the owner of the slipper came into his head. For four days things went on so: on the fifth morning he said to himself, "There is but one way to settle this matter: I must find the incognita." An Englishman would perhaps have stopped to ask himself, Why should I find her? but this question never occurred to our marquis. He directly began to ruminate on the means of attaining his object: one only presented itself: the owner of the slipper might not perhaps have a carriage of her own, and in that case she must have gone home in a *fiacre*. He went immediately to inquire among the coachmen, whether any of them had set down a lady who had lost her shoe. One may easily conceive his delight, when he heard that a lady who had had that accident was set down in the fauxbourg St. Honoré; that she was tall and slender. The coachman at first said, he could not speak positively about her face, because it was almost concealed by her bonnet; but at the sight of the *Louis d'or* which the marquis slipped into his hand, he recollected, that, from the little he did see of it, it must certainly be very handsome.

Need we say, that our impetuous marquis flew to the fauxbourg St. Honoré? Who can paint his transport, when he found his incognita not less lovely in face and figure, than the heroine of the fairy tale? Her situation indeed was not greatly superior to that of the famed Cinderella. She had a little shop, in which a few fancy articles were disposed for sale with much neatness, but it was easy to see that the revenue which they could produce must be very scanty indeed.

Our marquis was, alas! less honourable than the good prince, the hero of a similar adventure, but he was not less captivated. He offered

the pretty *marchande* his heart, his fortune, every thing, in short, but his hand. She listened to him with a modest and composed air, and replied calmly, "I cannot accept your proposal, monsieur; it is contrary to my interest."

"Pardon me, beautiful Jeannette, you must misconceive my offer: I will consult your interest in every respect. Your house shall be magnificently furnished; you shall have the finest equipage, the richest clothes, and the most brilliant jewels of any woman in Paris."

"These things will not console me for the scorn of my equals, nor restore to me the society of my friends. My diamonds cannot bring back the lustre of my eyes, nor the bloom of my cheeks, when the first are dimmed, and the last faded by grief and remorse. In my little shop, I sing merrily at my work; I am not ashamed to look with confidence in the faces of my customers, and my calico robe covers a light heart. These are advantages, monsieur, more solid than what you offer me in exchange, and I am too good a shopkeeper to make so bad a bargain."

Our marquis (will the reader believe it of a Frenchman?) was absolutely disconcerted. This was quite a new way of treating the subject. Had she taken the tone of sentiment, he was prepared with sophistical arguments. Had she repulsed him with scorn and indignation, he might still entertain a hope of pacifying her anger; but her tradeswoman-like mode of balancing loss and gain he was not prepared for. It might be very vulgar, but his conscience told him it was right. What was he to do then? Resign his Cinderella? To his credit be it told, he had the fortitude to bid her adieu, without endeavouring to shake her good resolutions. For three days he tried in vain to think no more of the little *marchande;* at the end of that time, he began to balance the matter in her own way.

"Suppose I marry her: if I do, people will laugh: very well, let them laugh; what harm can that do me? Will their laughter make my wife less virtuous, less pretty, less capable of contributing to my happiness? No, to be sure. What then shall I lose? Nothing; and I shall gain in all probability a faithful and sensible partner."

These reflections settled the matter: the marquis hastened to the shop of his charmer. She had the disinterestedness to speak to him of the opinions of the world. "I have settled all that," said he; and he repeated to her the arguments he had used to himself. She could not but allow that they were just, and she accepted his hand with a modest but dignified frankness, which raised her still higher in his esteem. They have now been some weeks married; and as the marquis admires the pretty little feet of his beautiful wife as she trips about his magnificent mansion, he blesses the virtue and good sense which saved him from the anguish of witnessing her light step robbed of its elasticity by the pressure of remorse, perhaps despair.

LARGE BONNETS.

For the REPOSITORY.

Mr. EDITOR,

THE letter of Letitia Lovemode has just met my eye, and I hasten to observe, in the first place, that she makes no reply whatever to my complaint against the use, by ladies of all ranks, of the enormously large bonnets that disfigure them at present, and render the most delightful companions, on some occasions the greatest nuisances. You will observe, that I confine my complaint merely to that; how far it is graceful for a female to be so flounced and furbelowed, as to destroy all appearance of shape and symmetry, is a point I am sure I need not settle; and happy am I to say, that this fashion seems to be on the wane.

I observed the other day, in a foreign journal, a statement, that English country dances, or more properly *contre* dances, were the rage in Paris. I am glad to hear it, and I hope that their speedy return to this kingdom, from whence they have been banished for cold, formal, and inanimate quadrilles, may be speedily looked for. I am also told by a friend who recently quitted France, that the ladies there now wear very small bonnets comparatively, and that with regard to the waist, they are fast approximating to the English mode before the peace of Paris. Now there is nothing more true, than that we are imitators in every thing, and in nothing more than in what relates to apparel: our females are proverbially the copyists of foreigners; and I am, in consequence, in expectation, that in following the French, they will return to what they have so injudiciously abandoned.

Every body has remarked, within the last three or four years, that our theatres have been a losing concern, and most especially that the pit (one of the most profitable parts of the houses) has been often very vacant: intervals are almost always observable on the seats between the persons; and I have observed frequently, that these intervals were behind ladies who had one of these "towers of Babel" upon their heads. It is too much to say, that the loss the managers have sustained is wholly attributable to this absurd fashion, but I am convinced, that it has something to do with it: for one, I know, that I was formerly a constant *play-goer*, and that now I do not attend twice in a whole season, very much on account of the obstruction to the sight and hearing. If I now go to see Elliston or Macready, I am half tempted to visit the boxes, and often stay away on account of the additional expense.

Queen Elizabeth (one of the most extravagant monarchs in her dress) made, as you know (for I have seen some of them noticed in the *Repository*), various sumptuary laws; and Ascham, her tutor, inveighs vehemently against various excesses in dress. I do not, however, complain of finery or extravagance, but of absurdity. It was a Venetian experiment to limit the use of certain kinds of foreign fi-

nery to ladies of a particular description; and the effect was, that, in a very short time, it all was abandoned. My plan is something of the same kind. If a law were passed that none but women whose ugliness ought to be concealed, should wear huge bonnets, in the course of a week not one would be seen in all London. I remain, &c.

P's & Q's.

As I am not "Sir James," nor "the Editor of the *Repository*," as Letitia Lovemode imagines, I request you to insert the above.

SPECIMEN OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

THE following is a faithful copy of a letter written by the wife of one of the convicts despatched last summer to Botany-Bay, in the ship Eliza, Captain F. Hunt. It is as curious a specimen of bad spelling as we ever remember to have seen; and what renders it the better worth reading is, that it is perfectly genuine.

"*Deer Husbund,*

"I recived your of the 21 Agust and of the 25, and I am sory to hear of your going awy; but if it is to be cace, I must submit to it. You will recive a bock with the artechelts that you spick of; it is to be sent with Mr. Bard, and thay ar to be sent away on Wansedy. Fors the persly that was in my ants, Mr. Cwar got it, and is sold, so you nid not spick no mor obout it: I have recived nothing for it as yit. You will recives the to cirfruuh that you spick of, but this litter was rate to you, and I want to Glasgou to a leady that was to rite Mr. Mc Rary, as shi was a grate frand of Mrs. Mc Rary; but as thay ar on ther way hom, it was of no youse to you. You want to no hou David Mc Farlan is cuming on; but I never see him, and he never inquirred very much for you. The cot that you spock about of the capant, is giving awy, but they have giving the trenk. I have goting no wird as yet abut a paseg: Lord Sid Moth had not rote to Mr. Maxwell, M. P. a few day ago, but as sone as he recived a letter, that he wold rite to your fathar: so I wold not have you to go a way in hopes that I will soon be with you, for I do not know wath kind of a paseg I am to get, or if I am to get it or not. I am in good helth at present, and all the chirling, and my sester; but my mothor was very ill this few days with her hid, but she is a lettly better. Frid is no better as yit. Ther is abut 4 hindrind and 50 min every day working in the mose for a shilling per day. Mr. Mc Ggregor Cluiler sad there was no nid of any mor nems to the certify; and for the shiref in Paisly, he was not at hom. Dear husband, I every thing for you that I can, and all that I wold diser of you is, to put your tris in God, and siek mircy from him, for he this sad see, then that you ar in trible that you call on me. I reming your loving wife,

"HILLEN MAXWELL."

PICTURESQUE TOUR OF MOUNT SIMPLON.

PLATE 8.—VIEW OF THE BRIDGE OF CREVOLA AND OF THE VALLEY OF DOMO D'OSSOLA.

NATURE no where offers more insurmountable obstacles to the traveller than on the height of Crevola: to the narrowest passes, to the wildest vallies, to the most fearful objects, and to the deafening roar of an impetuous torrent, suddenly succeeds a vast plain, well cultivated, sprinkled with habitations, in which two rivers unite their streams; where hills are seen covered with the most beautiful vegetation, mountains whose verdure is lost in the blue sky, and a calm, a sort of magic tranquillity, and a warm halo, which covers every object with a transparent veil.

Seated by the side of the road, the traveller contemplates, with a species of intoxication, this magnificent spectacle: whether he directs his view downwards to the beautiful bridge of Crevola, or following the line of the road to the right, he fixes it upon the town of Domo, the most smiling objects meet his sight, and one after another attract and captivate his attention. His eyes pass over the whole extent of the plain, and follow the course of the Toccia, which descends from the valley of Antigorio; they wander over the hills of Trontano, of Monte-Crestese, of Mazera, over villages, and a number of glittering dwellings, embellishing them, and giving life to the whole landscape.

Before it enters Domo, the road crosses a stone bridge, the six arches of which follow the oblique direction of the torrent: this town, though small, is well peopled, and enjoys an active commerce.

The prospect of the valley was the subject of our last plate: the bridge is represented in that which embellishes our present number.

EXTRACTS FROM A GLEANER'S COMMONPLACE-BOOK.

BON-MOT.

BARON B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected some years ago at Bath, secreting a card, the company, in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out of the window of a *one-pair-of-stairs room,* where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do!" says the wit: "why it is a plain case; never play so *high* again as long as you live."

THE JUSTICE PUZZLED.

Some time since, two persons in Cumberland went with an artist, before a justice at Penrith, with a very grievous complaint against the latter; which was, as they said, for keeping the commandments. This was so uncommon a case, the justice requested an explanation. The two men said, they were churchwardens, and as their church had been lately rebuilt, they wanted

the commandments painted anew, and had given them to this man to be done. To induce him to do them well, they had paid half the money agreed for in hand, and the balance was to be paid when he had finished the job; but they had called on him time after time for two or three years past, but for all they could say or do, he would *keep the commandments.*

ANECDOTE OF THE TEMPLE CLOCK.

Some years ago, a new clock was made to be placed in the Temple-hall; when finished, the clock-maker was desired to wait on the benchers of the Temple, who would think of a suitable motto to be put under the clock. He applied several times, but without getting the desired information, as they had not determined on the inscription. Continuing to importune them, he at last came when the old benchers were met at the Temple-hall, and had just sat down to dinner. The workman again requested to be informed of the motto; one of the benchers, who thought the application ill-timed, and who was fonder of eating and drinking than inventing original mottos, testily replied, "Go about your business." The mechanic taking this as an answer to his question, went home and inserted at the bottom of the clock, "Go about your business," and placed it on the Temple-hall, to the great surprise of the benchers, who, upon considering the circumstance, agreed that accident had produced a better motto than any they could think of; and ever since the Temple clock has continued to remind the lawyers and the public to go about their business.

ANECDOTE OF BASE INGRATITUDE.

A captain of a slave-ship from Bristol, who, on his arrival on the coast of Africa, in furnishing his cargo of slaves, was struck with the appearance of a beautiful young female slave he had purchased among others, ordered her into the cabin, and she became his mistress, and soon proved in a state of pregnancy. The young African, thinking herself for ever free from slavery, told her keeper all her heart, and made the following discovery to him; viz. "That the first opportunity which offered in the course of the voyage, the slaves had agreed to mutiny, and to murder the captain and his men, and to navigate the ship back to Africa." She urged the captain to lose no time in taking proper steps to prevent such a horrid intention from being put into practice; which was accordingly done, and the slaves carried safe to the West Indies. The captain, on his return to Bristol, told this story in company; and being asked by a gentleman present, what he did with or for his faithful deliverer and friendly companion, replied (with that savage indifference and unnatural cruelty peculiar to the generality of slave-traders), "Why I sold her, to be sure, for an extra price, on our arrival in the West Indies!"

APPROPRIATE MOTTOS FOR THE CARRIAGES OF UPSTARTS.

A tailor; men and measures.

A shoemaker; *sutor ultra crepidam* (the shoemaker beyond his last).

A card-maker; my cards have turned up trumps.

A chandler; I have not hid my candle under a bushel.

A merchant; I have exchanged for the better.

A gambler; I have got the trick.

A bankrupt; *vix ea nostra voco* (I can scarce call these my own).

A grocer; I have got a plum.

A coal-merchant; I have touched the cole.

A plumber; I have turned my lead into gold.

A coach-maker; the wheel of fortune.

A lawyer; causes produce effects.

An undertaker; *mors est mihi lucrum* (death is to me great gain.)

A distiller; my spirits rise.

An auctioneer; by knocking down, I am up.

A Methodist preacher; I have not sought the Lord in vain.

A curate; *curavi pro vita futura* (I have been a curate in prospect of a living.)

A rector; *spero meliora* (I hope for preferment.)

A dean; *nolo episcopari* (I won't be a bishop.)

A bishop; *consummatum est* (I have got it.)

FROM AN AMERICAN PAPER.

Lost where it was *dropped*, last night, an *empty* bag with a *cheese* in it. The bag was *marked* T. D. but the letters were *worn out*.--N. B. The person who *lost* it, *never missed* it until it was *gone;* so if any person will bring it to him, he shall be rewarded for his trouble.

THE PUBLIC-SPIRITED COBBLER.

CHARLES V. in his intervals of relaxation, used to retire to Brussels. He was curious to know the sentiments of his meanest subjects concerning himself and his administration; therefore often went out *incog.* and mixed with such companies and conversation as he thought proper. One night his boot requiring immediate mending, he was directed to a cobbler: unluckily it happened to be St. Crispin's holiday; and instead of finding the cobbler inclined for work, he was in the height of his jollity among his acquaintance. The emperor acquainted him with what he wanted, and offered a handsome gratuity. "What, friend," says the fellow, "do you know no better than to ask any of our craft to work on St. Crispin? Was it Charles the Fifth himself, I'd not do a stitch for him now; but if you'll come in, and drink St. Crispin, do and welcome: we are as merry as the emperor can be." The sovereign accepted his offer; but while he was contemplating on their rude pleasure, instead of joining in it, the jovial host thus accosts him: "What, I suppose you are some *courtier politician* or other, by that contemplative phiz; nay, by your *long nose*, you may be a bastard of the emperor's: but be *who* or *what* you will, you are heartily welcome. Drink about: here's Charles the Fifth's health."—— "Then you love Charles the Fifth?" replied the emperor.--"Love him?" says the son of Crispin, "aye, aye, I love his *long noseship* well enough; but I should him much *more* won'd he but *tax* us a little *less*. But what the devil have we to do with politics? Round with the glass, and merry be our hearts." After a short

stay, the emperor took his leave, and thanked the cobbler for his hospitable reception. "That," cried he, "you're welcome to; but I would not to-day have dishonour'd St. Crispin to have work'd for the emperor."

Charles, pleased with the honest good-nature and humour of the fellow, sent for him next morning to court. You must imagine his surprise, to see and hear that his late guest was his sovereign? He feared his joke on his *long nose* must be punished with death. The emperor thanked him for his hospitality, and, as a reward for it, bid him ask for what he most desired, and take the whole night to settle his *surprise* and his *ambition*. Next day he appeared, and requested, that, for the future, the *cobblers of Flanders* might bear for their *arms* a *boot* with the *crown* upon it. That request was granted; and, as so moderate was his ambition, the emperor bid him make another. "If," says he, "I am to have my utmost wishes, command, that, for the future, the company of *cobblers* shall take place of the company of *shoemakers*." It was accordingly so ordained; and to this day there is to be seen a chapel in Flanders adorned round with a *boot* and *Imperial crown* on it; and, in all processions, the company of *cobblers* takes place before the company of *shoemakers*.

NO WOMAN WITHOUT HER VALUE.

Every nation in the least acquainted with civilization, hath uniformly beheld the female sex with respect; a respect which, by inspiring individuals with a great esteem for themselves, has often excited them to the practice of the sublimest virtues. In a late publication of a German fabulist, is the following *jeu-d'esprit* of the lively author, who, in order to prove that there is no woman wholly useless in this world, and perhaps to expose the sordid principles of those who make a traffic of wedlock, and barter every generous sentiment for gain, thus expresses himself:

A poor peasant, of seven children born to him in marriage, had but one daughter left, and she was of a form so truly hideous, that it might be said, as Shakspeare expresses it, "The curs barked at her as she halted along." There are other allurements to enter into the wedded state, however, than those of figure. A showman, in his way through the village in which she lived, saw her, and asked her in marriage. "Sir," said the honest rustic to the suitor of his daughter, unwilling to take an advantage of any man, "have you observed the unseemly form of my daughter? Are you aware that I have nothing to give with her?"—"These," replied the other, "are objects of no weight with me."—"But she is both hunch-backed and hunch-breasted."—"Oh! that is precisely what I want."—"Her skin is like shagreen."—"I am rejoiced at it."—"You cannot perceive that she has a nose."—"Good."—"She is hardly three feet high."—"Better still."—"Her legs are like drum-sticks, and her nails are like claws."—"Best of all."—"To

cut the matter short, believe me, she is almost dumb, and altogether deaf."—"Is it possible!" exclaimed the lover: "you transport me! Long have I searched for a wife nearly formed like your daughter; but afraid to flatter myself with the hopes of finding such a one, I am now happy beyond my hopes. She fully corresponds with my ideas of perfection. How rare it is in these days to meet with so accomplished a figure!"—"But, my good friend," interrupted the father, "I cannot conceive what you propose to do with a wife who is so ugly and so deformed, who is always sickly, and hath not a penny."—"Do with her! why, I travel the country, and get my bread by exhibiting monsters. I will put her in a box; I will carry her about with me; and, as for her fortune, let me alone for the acquisition of that."

THE FEMALE TATTLER.

No. L.

Quò fugit Venus? heu! quòve color? decens
Quo motus? Quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi.

Hor. *Lib.* iv. *Od.* 13.

Ah! whither is thy beauty fled?
That bloom, by nature's cunning spread?
That every graceful art?
Of her, of her, what now remains,
Who breath'd the loves, who charm'd the swains,
And seiz'd upon my heart?

(*Continued from p.* 36.)

The greatest and most general misleader of our judgments, in relation to beauty, is custom, or the different national tastes for beauty; which turn chiefly on the two lower parts of it, colour and form. An exemplification of the different notions of beauty, in the various nations of the world, would form a very entertaining narrative, if my paper would allow me to enlarge on the subject. It is really surprising, that there should be so wide a difference in the tastes of two countries in this particular, as between the French and us, when the bordering people of each live nearer together, than the inhabitants do in the extremes of one part of the county of Surry, in which I reside.

The first time I saw the ladies all ranged in the front of the boxes at the Opera at Paris, they seemed to me to look like a long bed of high-coloured full-blown pionies in a garden; while a Frenchman, on his first arrival in London, when he contemplated a range of our greatest beauties, would compare them to a bed of lilies.

I cannot help observing, that Heaven is very good and merciful to mankind, in giving us a variety of fancies respecting beauty: for if every person had the same notion of it, every man that was in love in a certain district, would be in love with the same woman; while the acknowledged fair-one could choose but one happy man for her favourite in all her dis-

trict of lovers, and all the rest must be left in a state of despair. What a scene must ensue from such an irreparable disappointment to the first and best of affections, placed, as it would then be, on an object worthy of it, and rationally suited to it!

But now that fancy has, perhaps, more to do with beauty than judgment, there is an infinity of tastes, and consequently an infinity of beauty; for to the mind of the lover, supposed beauty is full as good as real. Every body may now choose out what happens to suit his own turn and cast. The honest rustic may be happy with a woman capable of labour, and with a sun-burnt complexion; the fine gentleman may be blest with his accomplished, sprightly, and tonish fair; the common soldier may delight himself with the native of a camp, and accustomed to its manners; while the captain may solace himself with the prepared smiles and ready kindness of a military mistress. This greatly enlarges the extent of beauty, and renders it in a manner universal: for there are few people, in comparison, who are truly beautiful; but every body may be beautiful in the imagination of some one or other. Fancy, however, has more to do in the articles of form and colour, than in those of the passions and grace. The good passions, as they are visible on the face, are apparent goodness, and that must be generally amiable; and true grace, wherever it appears in any degree, must, I should think, be pleasing to every human creature. Yet even grace itself, under the notion of pleasingness, may be as subject to the dominion of fancy, as any of the less insignificant parts of beauty; but then it must be rather strongly tinged with affection.

Having thus considered the extent and universality of human beauty, more particularly as it relates to the sex, which the sublime Milton calls "Heaven's last, best work," would it not be ungrateful, if I were not to say something of the real beauty of the other works of nature, which seem to reach every where, as far as we are acquainted with them, and to meet us whichever way we turn our eyes?

If we look upon the earth, we see it laid out in a thousand beautiful inequalities, and a pleasing variety of plains, hills, and mountains; generally clothed by nature in a living green, the colour that is the most delightful and the most refreshing to the eye; diversified with an infinite variety of different lights and shades; adorned with various sorts of trees, fruits, and flowers; interspersed often with winding rivers, limpid streams, or spreading lakes; and terminating, perhaps, in a view of the sea, which is for ever changing its form, and ever excites a more or less variety of delightful emotions.

If we look up to the heavens, how charming are the rising of the sun, the gentle azure of the noble arch expanded over our heads, the various appearance and colours of the clouds, the fleeting shower, and the painted bow! Even in the absence of its great enlivener the sun, we see it all studded with living lights, or gilded by the more solemn beauties of the moon, most

pleasing in her infant shape, and most majestic when in her full orb. I know not how it may be with others, but to me the very lightnings are pleasing, when struggling amid the shaded clouds, sometimes in various colours, and sometimes with streams of gentle light, not unlike the break of day.

If we turn towards the different sorts of animals, it is observable enough among them, that the beauty which is designed chiefly to please one another in their own species, is so contrived as to diffuse pleasure to man.

Nevertheless all the profusion of beauty of which I have been speaking, and even that of the whole universe taken together, is but of a weaker nature, in comparison of the *beauty* of *virtue*. It was admirably said by Plato, that if Virtue were to appear in a visible shape, all mankind would be enamoured of her. And it seems as if the Greeks and Romans, in general, had possessed this idea of beauty; because the goddess of Virtue and the goddess of Wisdom (which were always taken for one and the same thing among them, as well as in our sacred writings), were always represented with the greatest and most commanding beauty. The same appears yet stronger, from their using the words *good* and *beautiful* indifferently for each other, as if all beauty was contained in goodness. Indeed the beauty of virtue or goodness exceeds all other beauty, as much as the soul does the body.

The highest object of beauty that we can see, is the *goodness of* GOD, as displayed in the works of the creation. In him all goodness and beauty dwell; and whatever there is of moral beauty in the whole universe beside, is only as so many emanations from the Divine Author of all that is good and beautiful.

We see, but not so often as might be wished, the rays of this beauty reflected in human actions, but, in general, too much discoloured by the medium through which they pass; and yet how charming do they even thus appear in some persons and on some occasions! All the grandeur in the world is as nothing in comparison of any one of these good, becoming deeds. How many more charms are there, for instance, in the actions of such a comparatively humble person as *the Man of Ross*, than in many of the victories which have made the world turn pale by the rivers of blood which they have caused to flow! and how much more amiable is the death of Socrates, than the life of Alexander!

As *virtue* is the supreme beauty, so is *vice* the most odious of all deformities. Nor do I know how to make this more evident than by the conduct of two justly celebrated poets, Milton and Tasso, in describing the fallen angels. Tasso's devils are chiefly made hideous by their shape; their horns and tails are the principal ingredients of deformity in his descriptions of them: whereas Milton generally omits those which may be called personal deformities, and paints the deformity of their minds; their pride, impiety, malignity, and obstinacy: by which means his devils are infinitely more diabolic, more odious and horrible to the reflecting reader, than those of the Italian poet.

There is a very easy consequence

to be drawn from these observations, which deserves to be an object of general regard. If *virtue* be the *chief beauty*, people, to be *beautiful*, should endeavour to be *virtuous*; and should avoid vice, and all the worser sort of passions, as they would fly deformity. I wish the more lovely half of the human creation in particular, were thoroughly sensible of this great truth: "That the readiest way to be beautiful, is to be good."

F—— T.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Notturni, Italian and English, for three Voices, with an Accompaniment (ad libitum) for the Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed, by permission, to his Grace the Duke of Leeds, by G. Liverati; *the Italian Poetry by E. Petronj.*

In a prefatory notice, the indulgence of the public is claimed in behalf of the English translation, which Mr. L. states to have been made by a friend, *after* the music had been written to the Italian text. A task of this kind we can well appreciate: we consider it to be one of the most difficult undertakings; because, not only the metre must be rigidly preserved throughout, but wherever the composer chooses to indulge in melismatic repetitions, or to select particular passages, or even single words, for heightened expression, there the translator has to find words of similar import; not to mention, that frequently the composer, on repeating the text, takes liberties with the metre and quantity, for which the translator must make suitable allowance. Considering all these difficulties, we are of opinion, that the English words to these glees will be found to answer fairly the end proposed. Without transcendent poetical merit, they sing fluently every note allotted to them, and they express the text faithfully.

The three glees are of amatory import: in the first, the lovesick swain traces the dear name of his adored on the beech, the pine, in the sand, nay, on the rocks themselves: in the second, he invokes the shadows of night to conceal him on his way to his charmer; and in the third, he prays for a smile to gladden his heart, and in return, promises eternal devotedness.

An observation has struck us, which is perhaps odd enough: it seems to us singular, that these words, addressed as they are to *one* maiden by *one* swain, should be allotted to *three* singers; that these three youths should carve the name of *one* shepherdess, should invoke the silent goddess to assist their path to *one* and the same object, should swear eternal fidelity to the same name! Such rare unanimity of affection, we would hardly expect in the phlegmatic constitution of a Hollander, but much less in the natives of a country, whose language is spoken by these shepherds. They absolutely seem to belong to the polyandrian genus.

Of the music, it would be difficult to speak without some degree of enthusiasm. It is absolutely classic in every point of view. Whether we regard melody, or se-

lect harmony, or well-timed expression, or occasional flashes of striking effect, all is such as the most cultivated musical feeling would wish it to be. In the first Notturno (F major), we observe, among other beauties, a very interesting period in Ab major, which glides most judiciously into the relative minor key to express the words, "stupefatto ne restar dovrà," upon which other equally apposite musical phrases are bestowed, all in the best taste, and uncommonly effective. The primary motivo is resumed p. 5, but fresh and original ideas impart to it a colouring at once novel and striking.

The second Notturno, "Alla Notte," is of a more solemn cast. Chaste simplicity distinguishes the invocation to the sable queen. At the sentence, "Deh nascondi i passi miei," we seem to perceive the hushed tip-toe steps of the fearful lover; and the next line is rendered conspicuous by a finely contrived canonical period, successively taken up by the three voices. In the second part, at the beginning of p. 10, we are under some doubt whether the D at "Dirle" was not intended as D ♭, considering the prevailing minore complexion of the phrase.

The third Notturno, "A Bice," sets out with a spirited $\frac{3}{8}$ motivo in C major; some shiftings of the musical accent, judiciously used in ll. 2 and 3, produce a peculiar sensation of fervour. In the fifteenth page, we observe several neat imitative phrases between the first voice on the one hand, and the second and third on the other, and the remainder of the glee proceeds with marked precision and briskness, quite in the spirit of the subject.

In thus cursorily touching upon a few of the numerous beauties which characterize these Notturni, we are aware, that others have an equal claim to notice; but our limits are scanty. Enough, however, has been said, to do justice to the performance of a gentleman, whose talents are of an order to do honour both to the country he owns, and to the land that, at this moment, calls them into higher action. We find, by the Opera bills, that Mr. Liverati is on the eve of producing, at the King's Theatre, a grand serious opera of his composition. This is as it should be. England surely ought not for ever to be catering its operas from the repertories of foreign theatres. As we have already had a very favourable specimen of Mr. Liverati's dramatic compositions in the opera of "I Selvaggi," which a few years ago met with decided success at the King's Theatre, we are confident, that, on the approaching occasion, our sanguine expectations will be amply gratified.

Six Divertimentos for the Guitar, by Sor. 4th Set. Pr. 2s. 6d.

If hitherto guitar-music has been considered by us as lying out of the sphere of our critical functions, we candidly plead in our defence, the opinion which our own experience had led us to entertain of the limited powers of the instrument; and the unimportant nature of the compositions which had come under our cognizance. It was with this bias that we recently chanced to hear Mr. Sor touch the

guitar, and our previous prejudice instantly gave way to astonishment and admiration. We will not attempt to describe the sensations which the magic of his play excited within us; but our readers may form some idea of what we felt, when we state, that this gentleman executed, with the greatest precision, and with the deepest expression, scores of five and six distinct parts, nay, played fugues of the most complicated texture. How this was done, how it can be done, remains, at this moment, a matter of wonder to us. We have seen and heard; we therefore must believe: otherwise, we own, we should have staked a round sum, that two or three guitars had been actively at work at the same time.

This unrivalled perfection we find, upon inquiry, to be the result of a system at once simple and efficient, the fruit of matured experience, and of a diligent inquiry into the nature and the capabilities of the instrument. Without this, Mr. Sor's excellence might astonish his cotemporaries, like a passing meteor, whose reappearance in the horizon is a matter of chance. But, with his system, his art is in a manner perpetuated: some of his pupils already wield the lyre in a masterly manner, and its unassuming elegance daily gains ground in the higher circles. Thus the most ancient of all musical instruments, the invention of Mercury, the darling of Orpheus, seems once more reinstated in its pristine rights. Even music partakes of the spirit of legitimacy which characterizes our era.

Our readers may, in some degree, form a conception of the capabilities of the guitar, by an inspection of the six divertimentos which are the subject of the present article. They are generally written in three distinct parts, and in keys of very different kinds: the harmony is full, and modulation appears in no instance to be pressed or confined by the limits which we ourselves had erroneously considered as dictated by the nature of the instrument. Of the merit of the pieces themselves, we shall say quite enough, by stating that they are such as we were led to expect from our knowledge of Mr. Sor's vocal compositions, of which we have, on several occasions, spoken in terms of the highest commendation; and a further specimen of which is now in our portfolio, to be brought before our readers in this month's Critique, if time permits, but at all events in our next Number.

Grand brilliant Sonata for the Piano-forte, by J. N. Hummel. Pr. 5s.

As the "opera" of this composition of Hummel's is not indicated on the title-page, we deem it right to identify the work by its component parts: it consists of an allegro ($\frac{4}{4}$) in E ♭, an adagio ($\frac{2}{4}$) in B ♭, and a finale ($\frac{4}{4}$) in E ♭.

In our reports of music composed abroad, we do not consider ourselves called upon to enter on a detailed analysis. The general character and merits of such works are all that we deem it our duty to lay before our readers. We are not vain enough to presume, that our Critiques would reach the foreign author. If they did in the present instance, we should have the satisfaction of convincing Mr.

H. that his works are as highly valued in this country as they are in Germany. This is the second sonata of his which has issued from the press of Messrs. Boosey and Co. The first we reported, in a former Number, as a composition written in a pleasing and familiar, yet perfectly classic, style. Of the present sonata we have to give a still more favourable account. It is evidently a much more recent production. Animated musical diction, elaborate treatment, originality of ideas, and uncommon richness and depth of harmonic colouring, form its distinguishing features, and render it worthy of the attention of the accomplished musician. The work is perfect in its kind; it ranks with the highest productions we possess for the piano-forte; and we must add, in justice to the publishers, with the finest specimens of musical typography that have come under our cognizance.

Boosey and Co.'s ANTOLOGIA MUSICALE, being a Selection of the best Overtures, Sonatas, Rondos, Divertimentos, Marches, Waltzes, &c. for the Piano-forte, by the most celebrated foreign Composers, many of which have never been printed before. Nos. V. and VI. Pr. 2s. each.

Contents of No. V.: Prelude (B♭) by Knecht—Introduction and chorus from Zingarelli's oratorio, "la Distruzione di Gierusalemme"—Minuet (C) Beethoven—Minuet (C min.) J. Haydn.

Contents of No. VI.: Prelude (C), Seb. Bach--Fantasia (C), Knecht--Military sonata (D), Vanhall.

The preceding catalogue bespeaks the variety and the intrinsic merit of the above numbers of this classic collection. Knecht's music, although not modern, has a peculiar recommendation in its strict grammatical purity. Vanhall also is of earlier times, but the life and spirit which animate his works, still have their charms. The piece by Zingarelli forms a valuable article. On Beethoven, Haydn, and S. Bach's contributions, it would be superfluous to comment.

In future numbers of the Antologia Musicale, we would willingly see some of the works of modern composers, that are little known in this country; such as Moscheles, Leidesdorf, Onslow, the late Prince Louis of Prussia, &c.

Airs and Choruses, selected from Mozart's celebrated Opera "Il Flauto Magico," arranged as Duets for two Performers on the Piano-forte, by S. F. Rimbault. Book I. Pr. 3s.

The pieces contained in this first portion of Mr. Rimbault's adaptation of the Magic Flute, are as follow: *Colomba mia venite quà—Se potesse un suono ugual—Io partir—Ah potessi al dolce amore—Te guida alla palma nobile.* From this it will be seen, that the selection has not been made according to the order prevailing in the original; each book probably being intended to exhibit some of the most favoured of the airs.

The arrangement has great claims to our approbation. We perceive the limits which Mr. R. has set to himself as to executive practicability. There certainly was room for more notes from the score, but an extended liberality in that respect would have proved an *embarras de richesses* to the more numer-

ous class of performers, who, like the middle ranks of society, content themselves with a moderate but respectable appearance. In steering this course, Mr. R. has most satisfactorily accomplished his object. The two parts, although accessible to moderate attainments on the instrument, present all that is essential to the general effect; and the materials have been distributed in a manner which eminently bespeaks Mr. R.'s judgment, as well as his taste and knowledge of harmony. We can safely recommend his labour in strong terms.

"La Petite Bagatelle," for the Piano-forte or Harp, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Nos. I. II. and III. Pr. 1s. each.

Among the immense store of musical publications, good music for beginners is almost a desideratum. We suspect the requisites for such writing to be the cause of the deficiency. Agreeable and well connected melody, select, and yet unlaboured, harmony, and ease of execution, form here the essential conditions. But most of our great composers seem to think, nothing can be very good that is not very difficult, or that it is beneath their dignity to write easy music; and as to melody, however the assertion may draw vengeance upon us, we are free to confess, that it does not appear to us to be very abundant among the great writers of the present day. Now melody is precisely what ought to form the main ingredient in music for juvenile performers. As their stomach requires plain food, and not artificial made-dishes; so must their mind be supplied with what it is capable of comprehending and relishing.

It is from these considerations, that we applaud most heartily the three little compositions before us, and that we shall be glad to see more of the same description from Mr. Rimbault's pen. They exactly suit the end proposed, and have the additional merit of being *progressive* as to execution. No. I. is quite plain, yet there is melody throughout, such as the child would remember after the lesson is over, and its brothers be tempted to hum while the lesson is proceeding. No. II. soars one step higher; we have a little modulation, and a minore moreover: and in No. III. (a pretty rondo), the time is more active, the variety of ideas is greater, and some of them are repeated under more extended forms. In case of further numbers, it will be well to give the left hand some occasional exercise, progressively also, and carefully so; for nothing deters the child more than difficulties for a hand which good breeding strives to keep in a comparative state of weakness and paralyzation.

"The Orphan Maid," a Celtic Ballad, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte or Harp; the Poetry from the "Legend of Montrose;" the Music composed, and dedicated to his friend, Wm. Shield, Esq. by W. T. Parke. Pr. 1s. 6d.

The English have of late become so thoroughly musical, that few bits of poetry escape the pens of the composers. Even prose is melodized. We have reviewed a treaty of peace set to music, including the signatures of all the

high contracting parties; and therefore should not at all wonder, at seeing a judge's charge to a jury treated as a divertimento, a dying speech and confession arranged as a finale, or a parliamentary harangue melodized as a theme with variations.

Where the poetry forms an independent whole, we see no reason for objecting to its being put under the controul of crotchets and quavers; the text frequently gains by a transfer to the sister art, who has it in her power to remedy defects of metre, or at least to disguise them. But where a fragment of a few lines is picked out of a volume, and put into the crucible of harmony, the previous perusal of the volume, generally forms a necessary condition to the full understanding of what the song means to say.

The latter observation applies to the publication before us, and indeed to many more. Mr. Parke's song can only be fairly relished by those that have read the "Legend of Montrose," the number of whom, to be sure, is not inconsiderable, although we are not fashionable enough to belong to that class of readers. The composition consists of a recitativo and air. The former is satisfactory, excepting a defect of musical punctuation in the first line: "November's sunbeams wan look coldly on the castle grey," is thus phrased:—"November's sunbeams wan: look coldly, &c.;" for at "wan" there is a close in the tonic, and a new key is introduced for the remaining words. The aria is in the common ballad style, excepting a reminiscence from Mozart in the third bar: the usual turn to the relative minor occurs in its progress, and five successive pauses appear in the concluding line.

"*In the mid air sings the Lark,*" *the much-admired Harp-Song in the grand Scotch Spectacle called* "*Montrose,*" *sung at the Surry Theatre; the Poetry by W. Scott, Esq.; the Music by* J. Sanderson. Pr. 1s.

The serious and impressive poetry of this fragment of Mr. Walter Scott's legend, afforded, in our opinion, great scope for corresponding musical diction; and in this respect we think Mr. Sanderson has not altogether reached the poet's conception. His attention appears to have been pre-eminently directed to the line which forms the title of the song; and in his aim to express adequately the warbling of the lark, he has been more successful. The different variations of that phrase, assisted as they are by a very neat and effective harp-accompaniment, have our entire approbation. The above observation excepted, we are ready to do justice to the general complexion of the song: the melody contains several attractive passages, the accompaniment is well conducted, and the harmony pure and satisfactory.

Fantasia, consisting of the most favourite Airs from Mozart's celebrated Opera "*Il Flauto Magico,*" *composed, and arranged for the Piano-forte, with Flute Accompaniment (ad libitum), and performed on the Apollonicon,* by John Purkis. No. I. Pr. 3s.

Five or six of the most popular pieces in the above opera, form the ground-work of this publication.

Mr. P. has occasionally introduced a few lines of his own analagous to the subjects, has at times curtailed his originals, and has transposed some of the airs into other keys. All this is allowable in a desultory production like a fantasia; while, on the other hand, such a title would have warranted a greater portion of digressive and connecting ideas, than Mr. P. has introduced. The whole, however, is well assorted, and well harmonized, so as to offer a very agreeable, and not a very difficult, divertimento for the piano-forte.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A ROUND dress composed of dove-coloured English levantine: the body is of a three-quarter height; it is formed in the Grecian style, and the bust is ornamented with English lace. Short full sleeve, of the same material as the dress, surmounted by a small lace epaulette. The bottom of the skirt is finished by a deep flounce of lace, of our own manufacture, but so good an imitation of Valenciennes, as to be scarcely distinguishable from it. The *rédingote* worn over this dress, is composed of purple corded silk, and lined and trimmed with ermine. The pelerine, collar, and cuffs, are also ermine; and the pelerine is remarkably large, and of a round shape. This costly envelope is of the most simple form: the body is loose, and wraps considerably across in front; the sleeve is very wide. This *rédingote* is admirably calculated either for a carriage dress or an Opera wrap. Head-dress, a bonnet, of the same material and colour as the *rédingote:* it is lined with pale rose-coloured satin: the crown is rather lower than we have lately seen them; it is something in the shape of a melon, and is ornamented with little furbelows of the same silk, placed crosswise, in a singular but tasteful way: the brim is of a moderate size; it is composed of flutings of velvet and corded silk, and finished by a band of velvet laid on plain at the edge. A plume of feathers, to correspond, droops a little to the left side, and a rich ribbon ties it under the chin. Half-boots of purple leather, and Limeric gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A white satin round dress: the skirt is excessively full at the bottom, but very tight towards the top; it is finished by a trimming composed of white and geranium-coloured satin and net, disposed in a singular but very tasteful style, for which we refer to our print. The body of the dress is formed, with the exception of the geranium-coloured trimming, to correspond with the skirt: a small stomacher marks the contour of the shape, which it forms in a most becoming manner. The sleeve is very short; it is in the shape of an oak-leaf: the materials correspond with the body and the trimming,

and are disposed in the same manner. The effect of this style of *corsage* is novel and elegant. Head-dress, the *chapeau à la Sicilienne:* it is composed of white satin; the brim is very narrow in front, but something broader at each side; it is trimmed with blond: the crown is moderately high, of a dome shape, and almost concealed in front by several Padua feathers, which droop a little; a quilling of blond ornaments the inside of the edge of the brim, and a single feather attached to this quilling falls negligently on one side of the face, and descends nearly to the chin. Necklace and ear-rings, pearls. White satin shoes, ornamented with diamond clasps, and white kid gloves.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Pelisses still continue in favour for the promenade, but they are now as much worn in rich silk as in cloth; those composed of silk are always wadded, and, in general, trimmed with fur. We have, however, noticed a few, the trimming of which consisted of a broad piece of velvet, which went round the bottom and up the fronts: it was finished at each edge by a wreath of satin shells; they were extremely small, and rather of a lighter colour than the velvet. The cuffs, collar, and epaulettes corresponded with the trimming of the skirt; the epaulettes are in the shape of a shell, and are very full. This style of trimming is not striking, but it is rich and appropiate to winter dress.

Furs continue to be as much in request as ever; the severity of the season indeed renders them a very necessary appendage to walking dress. Muffs are this year of a very moderate size, but tippets are worn large.

The most elegant novelty in carriage dress, is the *rédingote*, which we have given in our print. Pelisses also are very much in favour; they begin now to be a good deal worn in velvet. Waists continue about the same length as last month. There is very little variety in trimmings; ermine and sable are more worn than any thing else: the few velvet pelisses that are not trimmed with them, are decorated with satin, disposed in various forms by a mixture of rich silk cord: one of these trimmings, which we thought had a rich effect, consisted of a piece of satin disposed in a wave, which was formed of four folds; each fold was edged with a narrow pointed gimp. The collar and cuffs of the pelisse were trimmed to correspond: the epaulettes were singularly pretty; they were a mixture of satin and velvet, something in the shape of a heart, and edged by a gimp like that on the skirt, but broader. The pelisse was composed of Clarence blue velvet; the satin was something lighter, and the gimp corresponded with the pelisse: the effect was altogether tasteful and novel.

The most novel carriage head-dress, next to the one which we have given in our print, is a bonnet composed of *velours simulé*, inter-

mixed with silk *pluche:* the crown is tacked in like the caul of a cap, and the back part of it forms the exact shape of a scollop-shell; the shape of the brim is a little like the brim of a round hat, only that it is rather slouched before, and very shallow behind; it is formed of silk *pluche* slashed in different places, and the slashes filled with *velours simulé:* the edge is ornamented by a wreath of scarlet berries, surrounded by leaves; this is laid on between two falls of blond, one of which lies on the brim, the other falls over the edge. A garland of winter flowers mixed with scarlet berries, is placed in front of the crown; and a rich ribbon to correspond with the bonnet, which we should observe was a plum-colour, ties it under the chin.

Morning dresses still continue to be composed of cloth and sarsnet. We have just seen one made in the former material, which we consider a very tasteful dishabille: the body is quite high, the waist rather long, and the back full; there is a small collar, which does not come above half way round the throat, and which forms a little pelerine in the back of the neck: the fronts are sloped on each side, so as to display the throat, and a little of the *fichu;* they wrap entirely across, and meet in the centre of the back, which is ornamented by a bow, composed of a piece of satin folded; there are short ends finished by a narrow fringe. The trimming of this dress is an embroidery in silk cord; the bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a wreath of oak-branches, placed perpendicularly, so that the trimming comes very high. A very slight narrow wreath of leaves decorates the fronts, the collar, and the cuffs.

Silk of various descriptions, but always of a remarkably stout and rich texture, is the favourite material for dinner dress. The form affords us little room for observation: we still copy our Parisian neighbours, but we do it very happily; for, contrary to our usual custom, we do not go to an extreme: our waists are of a more moderate length, our stomachers form the shape in a better manner, but our dresses are still too tight round the waist, and too full at the bottom part of the skirt. Short sleeves are universally worn in dinner dress, but many gowns are made partially high. Blond is a good deal worn for trimmings; we have brought ours now to equal that of France: a mixture of blond and satin is also fashionable, as is also a mixture of satin and velvet.

Lace of our own manufacture, over white satin, is at present very much in estimation in full dress. White satin is also much worn, and we have seen a few velvet gowns. Rich silks too still continue in favour for grand costume, but not so much so as satin, lace, or velvet. As yet, very few dresses have been made in this latter material, but it is expected to be very generally worn. One of the most elegant dresses we have lately seen, is the gown which we are going to describe, which has been recently submitted to our inspection by a fashionable *marchande de modes.*

It is composed of *ponceau* velvet; the body, cut low round the bust, is formed in the Grecian style,

with a point in the centre of the bosom; the bust is finished by an edging of white satin, upon which a narrow gold cord is laid: the dress fastens behind; it is laced in the French style with gold cord. The sleeves are a mixture of *ponceau* velvet and white satin: the velvet is plain, and cut out in slashes in the lozenge form; these slashes are filled up with white satin, and edged with gold cord: the sleeve is of a moderate length, and is finished at the bottom by a band of white satin fluted. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed, in a singular but very elegant style, with white satin laid on full in a scroll pattern; each edge of the scroll is finished with gold cord. We have not for a considerable time seen any thing in grand costume, at once so elegant and superb as this dress.

Dress hats are now much in favour for evening parties and public places. We have given the most elegant novelty which we have seen of this description in our print. There is also another evening hat, very *jauntee* and becoming to a youthful face: the brim is something smaller than the one we have given, but similar in shape; there is no plaiting underneath; it is finished at the edge by a narrow roll of satin twisted with pearl: the crown is of an oval shape, and very low: a rich plume of ostrich feathers is placed in front; a full blown rose is attached to the base of the plume, which has a whimsical but striking effect: the mixture of feathers and flowers is, however, extremely incongruous.

Turbans begin to be in favour; and we have seen a few *toques* of a new and elegant description: they were composed of folds of silver tissue and white satin, and of an oval shape; they were very low: a band of white satin, richly embroidered in silver, encircled the bottom of the crown; and a fancy flower, mingled with Indian wheat in silver, was placed to one side.

The hair still continues to be dressed moderately high; we seldom remember to have seen it more becomingly and tastefully arranged; it is also disposed so as to display its luxuriance to the greatest advantage, a part of the hind hair being braided or plaited round the head, while the rest forms bows, which are sometimes arranged in a diadem; at others, scattered irregularly at the back of the head. Winter flowers, or pearls, and sometimes a mixture of both, ornament the heads of those ladies who appear *en cheveux*.

Fashionable colours are, *ponceau*, purple, rose-colour, Clarence blue, plum-colour, and dark green.

Since writing the above, we have been favoured with a sight of some very elegant half-dress caps, by the lady who furnished our dresses: they were all of the mob, or rather of the demi-mob, shape, with full lace borders and low crowns; some of which were ornamented round the top with small lace tabs: pomegranate flowers, auriculas, Provence roses, and fancy flowers, with a mixture of ribbon, ornamented these head-dresses. We have also to notice a very elegant *coeffure* for full dress: it is composed of white satin and pearls; the front is pointed in the tiara form; it is ornamented with pearls laid on in the form of leaves, and

likewise edged with them: two other bands, which cross the back of the head, are also edged with pearl, as is likewise the one which encircles the forehead. A bunch of flowers is fastened to the band which goes to the back of the head, and a single flower, with buds and leaves, is attached to the right side in front: the hair should be dressed in full bows between the bands.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Jan. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

LAST month our promenade dresses were mostly composed of Merino cloth; at present *gros de Naples* and levantine seem rather more in favour: they have not so warm an appearance, but they are, in reality, quite as comfortable, being wadded. I have little to say to you respecting walking dress: we still wear pelisses, or, as we call them, *rédingotes*, which are made in the same formal way as when I wrote last. The skirts increase a good deal in width just at the bottom, but the top part is still as scanty as ever. The only novelty I have lately perceived, is, that the silk braiding is now no longer confined to the stomacher; it ornaments the entire front of the dress: it is very narrow at the waist, but increases in width till it becomes very broad towards the bottom; it fastens up the middle with round silk buttons, and is ornamented at each side with others in the form of olives. This trimming, though fashionable, is not, however, so general as a narrow binding of satin of a different colour to the pelisse, which edges it all round. I must not forget to observe, that a broad satin sash, fringed at the ends, and of the colour of the binding, is always worn with these pelisses, which have a neat gentlewomanly appearance, and would be very appropriate for spring, but they look too light for the present season.

I must now speak to you about our *chapeaux*, which are more various, both in form and material, than they have been for some seasons back. Those worn for the promenade, are composed of *pluche*, *velour simulé*, satin, *velours notte*, granite stuff, velvet, and watered *gros de Naples*: the two last of these seem least in favour. Hats are always lined either with pink or white satin, and it would not be easy to say which is most fashionable. The brims of *chapeaux* are now rarely seen of a very large size; the crowns are of various descriptions, but all, except those in the shape of a melon, are worn rather low: they are still ornamented either with feathers or flowers.

So much for general description. I will now try to describe to you, more particularly, those which I consider most worthy of your notice. The first is an odd-shaped, but rather becoming bonnet: the crown is of a melon shape; it is ornamented with a pointed piece of the same material, but edged with satin of a different colour; the point reaches to the summit of the crown, and forms a little peak: the brim is deep in front, and stands

out a good deal from the face: it is cut out at the bottom at each side, so as to form almost a point under the chin: it is lined and edged with the same coloured satin which ornaments the crown, and which, I should observe, is generally pink; and is ornamented only by a ribbon, which is attached to the centre of the brim, from whence it goes crosswise to the centre of the back of the crown: a bow is placed behind, and another in front; the ends of this latter fall over the edge of the brim: a ribbon to correspond ties it under the chin.

Another head-dress, which is very much in favour, is a bonnet a little in the Mary of Scotland style: the crown resembles the caul of a cap; it is moderately high in front, but low behind: the brim is very shallow in front; it bends down over the forehead, spreads out a good deal at the sides, and tapers down till it nearly meets under the chin: the edge of the brim is finished by a narrow blond arranged in waves, and laid on very full; and a diadem, composed of auriculas, ornaments it in front.

The last *chapeau* which I shall recommend to you, and which, I must observe, is only fit for carriage dress, is a hat composed of white figured satin, and lined with bright purple velvet. Odd enough, you will say: it is thought so even here, for velvet is not in general used to line *chapeaux*; but I think it is likely now to become fashionable, and this hat is really elegant and becoming. The brim is shallow, particularly behind, and it stands out a good deal from the face; the lining turns over the edge of the brim about an inch; a narrow pointed blond, quilled full, is tacked to the edge of the velvet, so as to fall over: the crown is oval; it is ornamented with five or six marabouts, which droop a little in front: a rich white ribbon ties it under the chin.

So much for out-door dress. Hold! I had forgotten; I have not yet done with it; I have not said any thing about furs: they were much more worn in the beginning of the season than at present. Many belles do not wear fur tippets; those who do, have them of an uncommon size, and a three-quarter length. Our most fashionable promenade boots are called *Polonaises;* they are composed of silk of the stoutest fabric, and lined with fur.

Merino cloth is much worn in home dress; levantine is also very fashionable. Half-dress gowns are made in a plain style; they are cut moderately low round the bust, with either long straight sleeves, or else short full ones: the most fashionable form for these last is a plain full sleeve, ornamented on the shoulder by a piece of the same material, disposed in *wolves' mouths;* a trimming to correspond, is placed at the bottom of the sleeve. The skirt of the gown is adorned with three flounces of the same material; they are also disposed in *wolves' mouths*, and they are headed and edged by chenille cord. A sash, which is sometimes of ribbon, to correspond with the dress, and sometimes of a different colour, is tied behind in short bows and long ends. Our waists, I think, are longer than ever. The skirts of dresses are very much gored; they are moderately wide at

bottom, but they still cling round the figure in a very unbecoming manner at the waist, except just in the middle of the back, where the fulness is disposed in a few large plaits. I must not forget to observe, that half-dress gowns generally fasten behind; some are buttoned, others laced. In a few instances, I have noticed long sleeves composed either of tulle, transparent gauze, or white blond net: they are finished by two or three rows of narrow blond at the hand; and are always surmounted by a short sleeve of the same material as the dress.

Crape and tulle over white satin, or rich white sarsnet, are at present the materials most in favour for full dress; the present style of which would be remarkably elegant, if the waists were either longer or shorter; but they are too long to be graceful, and too short to display the natural contour of the shape. The peaked stomachers, too, which have lately come into fashion, have a very formal effect. There are, however, some dresses, and those by much the prettiest, made a good deal in the Grecian style: they are moderately high round the bust; the body is loose, but confined to the waist by a girdle; the short loose sleeve is fastened on the shoulder in the ancient Grecian style; and the robe sloping down on each side of the bosom, wraps a little across in front. There is an under-sleeve, consisting of a double fall of blond lace, which is tacked very full, and has a little the appearance of a wing. Gold lace is the trimming most in favour for these dresses: there are three or four bands round the bottom of the skirt, and a single row round the bosom; a rich gold cord and tassel encircles the waist, and a very narrow one loops the sleeve on the shoulder. As yet, I have observed these robes made only in slate-colour, white, or dark green: the gold trimming has an elegant effect upon any of these colours; it is magnificent, but not heavy, and striking, without being gaudy.

Satin bodies are very much worn in full dress; they are in general either of *ponceau* or rose-colour: the waists are very long; they are peaked in front at the bottom of the waist, and ornamented up the front, in the stomacher style, with lacings of narrow ribbon or cord, and are very often finished at the bottom of the waist with silk fringe, which is in general white. The bust is trimmed with a single row of blond set on plain, to fall over, and headed by a quilling of tulle. Sometimes a double quilling of tulle is substituted for this trimming. The sleeves are always short and full, but they vary a good deal, both in the form and material. Some are of crape or tulle, to correspond with the skirt: they are gathered in the middle, and are confined at the bottom by a trimming of pointed blond, or quilling of tulle; others are composed of satin, to correspond with the body, slashed lengthwise, and the slashes filled with tulle: if the bosom is trimmed with blond, the bottom of the sleeve is also finished with it.

The skirts of these dresses are always blond or tulle, over white satin: they are variously decorated at the bottom; some have a broad rouleau of satin, either white,

or to correspond with the *corsage*, which is surmounted by an embroidery in natural flowers. One of the prettiest I have seen, had roses scattered irregularly; there were three deep, and at a little distance from each other: they were so naturally worked, and of such brilliant freshness, that they looked as if they had been fresh gathered, and carelessly stuck on the gown.

Other dresses have a wreath, or rather a garland, of artificial flowers, attached to the bottom of the skirt: it is either of roses, lilies, pomegranate-flowers, or orange-blossoms: the trimming is formed in a pretty fanciful manner by branches of the flower twisted together. Another style of trimming consists of a piece of satin, the same colour as the *corsage*, laid on very full, and the fulness confined by cord to correspond; the cord is disposed crosswise in the festoon form, and at each extremity is a single white rose, surrounded with leaves. This is a novel style of trimming, but the mixture of flowers with satin has a heavy effect; it would look much better in crape or tulle.

Satin bodies, with any of the trimmings I have just described, are in estimation for *le bal paré;* but the fair votaries of Terpsichore have their dresses made considerably shorter in the waist than they are generally worn: the skirts are also of a more moderate length; for, with the exception of dancing dresses, we are so extremely decorous, that only the front of our shoes is visible.

The hair, in full dress, is worn moderately high. Toques, turbans, and dress caps, have given place to a style of *coeffure*, invented by some of our celebrated hair-dressers: it consists of a piece of tissue, or else gauze, embroidered in gold or silver, disposed something in the style of a turban, but mingled with plaits and braids of hair: it is put on in such a manner as to leave the entire of the front hair visible; this is divided very much on the forehead, dressed in loose curls, and ornamented on one side with a sprig of flowers. The *cornelia Japonica*, Provence rose, and auricula, are most in favour.

This style of head-dress, though adopted by our juvenile fashionables, has too matronly an air to be becoming to a youthful countenance. The *coeffure*, next in estimation, is a mixture of flowers and pearls. The front hair is lightly dressed in curls; the hind hair is partly fastened up in bows; the rest is disposed in braids, which are twisted with pearls, and bound round the head; one braid encircles the bows, and another binds the forehead: between them is a wreath of roses; two or three roses are also put close to the side of the face, just below the braid.

Rubies are next to diamonds in estimation, for full-dress jewellery; pearls are not quite so much in favour, but they are still a good deal worn. A few seasons ago, we had a perfect rage for coral; we carried our fondness for it so far, as even to mingle it with our diamonds: now it is confined, very properly, to half dress.

The colours most fashionable at present are, *ponceau*, rose-colour, sky-blue, and slate-colour. Adieu,

my dear Sophia! Begin the year, as I do, by being industrious. Send me a long letter, in return for the full, true, and particular account which I have just given you of our Parisian modes. Farewell! Believe me always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—DRAPERIES FOR CIRCULAR WINDOWS.

THE annexed plate represents a bow, forming a recess or bay in a tasteful drawing-room, and in which three windows are supposed to be erected: they are furnished by a suite of draperies, supported by a compass-rod and *appliqué* carved ornaments: the forms are varied, easy, and elegant; the colours chaste, and well arranged for effect and harmony. This embellishment is highly creditable to Mr. Stafford of Bath, from whose upholstery depôt it proceeds; for he has here ably surmounted many difficulties that are common to bow windows, and to those situated as represented in the present design.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of INTERESTING EXTRACTS *from* NEW POPULAR PUBLICATIONS.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS.

(From *Mr.* ACCUM's *Treatise on Adulterations of Food, and Culinary Poisons.*)

OF all the frauds practised by mercenary dealers, there is none more reprehensible, and at the same time more prevalent, than the sophistication of the various articles of food.

This unprincipled and nefarious practice, increasing in degree as it has been found difficult of detection, is now applied to almost every commodity which can be classed among either the necessaries or the luxuries of life, and is carried on to a most alarming extent in every part of the united kingdom.

It has been pursued by men, who, from the magnitude and apparent respectability of their concerns, would be the least obnoxious to public suspicion; and their successful example has called forth, from among the retail dealers, a multitude of competitors in the same iniquitous course.

To such perfection of ingenuity has this system of adulterating food arrived, that spurious articles of various kinds are every where to be found, made up so skilfully as to baffle the discrimination of the most experienced judges.

Among the number of substances used in domestic economy which are now very generally found sophisticated, may be distinguished—tea, coffee, bread, beer, wine,

spirituous liquors, salad oil, pepper, vinegar, mustard, cream, and other articles of subsistence.

Indeed, it would be difficult to mention a single article of food which is not to be met with in an adulterated state; and there are some substances which are scarcely ever to be procured genuine.

Some of these spurious compounds are comparatively harmless when used as food; and as in these cases merely substances of inferior value are substituted for more costly and genuine ingredients, the sophistication, though it may affect our purse, does not injure our health. Of this kind are the manufacture of factitious pepper, the adulterations of mustard, vinegar, cream, &c. Others, however, are highly deleterious; and to this class belong the adulterations of beer, wines, spirituous liquors, pickles, salad oil, and many others.

There are particular chemists who make it a regular trade to supply drugs or nefarious preparations to the unprincipled brewer of porter or ale; others perform the same office to the wine and spirit merchant; and others again to the grocer and the oilman. The operators carry on their processes chiefly in secrecy, and under some delusive firm, with the ostensible denotements of a fair and lawful establishment.

These illicit pursuits have assumed all the order and method of a regular trade: they may severally claim to be distinguished as an *art and mystery;* for the workmen employed in them are often wholly ignorant of the nature of the substances which pass through their hands, and of the purposes to which they are ultimately applied.

To elude the vigilance of the inquisitive, to defeat the scrutiny of the revenue officer, and to insure the secrecy of these mysteries, the processes are very ingeniously divided and subdivided among individual operators, and the manufacture is purposely carried on in separate establishments. The task of proportioning the ingredients for use is assigned to one individual, while the composition and preparation of them may be said to form a distinct part of the business, and are intrusted to another workman. Most of the articles are transmitted to the consumer in a disguised state, or in such a form that their real nature cannot possibly be detected by the unwary. Thus the extract of *coculus indicus,* employed by fraudulent manufacturers of malt liquors, to impart an intoxicating quality to porter or ale, is known in the market by the name of *black extract,* ostensibly destined for the use of tanners and dyers. It is obtained by boiling the berries of the *coculus indicus* in water, and converting, by a subsequent evaporation, this decoction into a stiff, black, tenacious mass, possessing, in a high degree, the narcotic and intoxicating quality of the poisonous berry from which it is prepared. Another substance, composed of extract of quassia and liquorice-juice, used by fraudulent brewers to economize both malt and hops, is technically called *multum**.

* *The Times,* May 18, 1818. The King *v.* Richard Bowman. The defendant was a brewer, living in Wapping-street, Wapping, and was charged with

The quantities of *coculus indicus* berries, as well as of black extract, imported into this country for adulterating malt liquors, are enormous. It forms a considerable branch of commerce in the hands of a few brokers; yet, singular as it may seem, no inquiry appears to have been hitherto made by the officers of the revenue respecting its application. Many other substances employed in the adulteration of beer, ale, and spirituous liquors, are in a similar manner intentionally disguised; and of the persons by whom they are purchased, a great number are totally unacquainted with their nature or composition.

An extract, said to be innocent, sold in casks, containing from half a cwt. to five cwt. by the brewers' druggists, under the name of *bittern*, is composed of calcined sulphate of iron (copperas), extract of coculus indicus berries, extract of quassia, and Spanish liquorice.

It would be very easy to adduce, in support of these remarks, the testimony of numerous individuals, by whom I have been professionally engaged to examine certain mixtures, said to be perfectly innocent, which are used in very extensive manufactories of the above description. Indeed, during the long period devoted to the practice of my profession, I have had abundant reason to be convinced, that a vast number of dealers, of the highest respectability, have vended to their customers, articles absolutely poisonous, which they themselves considered as harmless, and which they would not have offered for sale, had they been apprised of the spurious and pernicious nature of the compounds, and of the purposes to which they were destined.

For instance, I have known cases in which brandy merchants were not aware that the substance which they frequently purchase under the delusive name of *flash*, for strengthening and clarifying spirituous liquors, and which is held out as consisting of burnt sugar and isinglass only, in the form of an extract, is, in reality, a compound of sugar with extract of capsicum; and that to the acrid and pungent qualities of the capsicum is to be ascribed the heightened flavour of brandy and rum, when coloured with the above-mentioned matter.

having in his possession a drug called *multum*, and a quantity of copperas. The articles were produced by Thomas Gates, an excise officer, who had, after a search, found them on the defendant's premises. The court sentenced the defendant to pay a fine of 200l.

The King *v.* Luke Lyons. The defendant is a brewer, and was brought up under an indictment charging him with having made use of various deleterious drugs in his brewery, among which were capsicum, copperas, &c. The defendant was ordered to pay the fines of 20l. upon the first count, 200l. upon the third, and 200l. upon the seventh count in the indictment.

The King *v.* Thomas Evans. The charge against this defendant was, that he had in his possession forty-seven barrels of stale unpalatable beer. On the 11th of March, John Wilson, an excise officer, went to the storehouse, and found forty-seven casks containing forty-three barrels and a half of sour unwholesome beer. Several samples of the beer were produced, all of them of a different colour, and filled with sediment. A fine of 30l. was ordered to be paid by the defendant.

In other cases, the ale-brewer has been supplied with ready-ground coriander seeds, previously mixed with a portion of *nux vomica* and quassia, to give a bitter taste and narcotic property to the beverage.

The retail venders of mustard do not appear to be aware, that mustard seed alone cannot produce, when ground, a powder of so intense and brilliant a colour as that of the common mustard of commerce. Nor would the powder of real mustard, when mixed with salt and water, without the addition of a portion of pulverized capsicum, keep for so long a time as the mustard usually offered for sale.

Many other instances of unconscious deceptions might be mentioned, which were practised by persons of upright and honourable minds.

It is a painful reflection, that the division of labour, which has been so instrumental in bringing the manufactures of this country to their present flourishing state, should have also tended to conceal and facilitate the fraudulent practices in question; and that, from a correspondent ramification of commerce into a multitude of distinct branches, particularly in the metropolis, and the large towns of the empire, the traffic in adulterated commodities should find its way through so many circuitous channels, as to defy the most scrutinizing endeavour to trace it to its source.

It is not less lamentable, that the extensive application of chemistry to the useful purposes of life, should have been perverted into an auxiliary to this nefarious traffic. But happily for the science, it may, without difficulty, be converted into a means of detecting the abuse; to effect which, very little chemical skill is required.

The baker asserts, that he does not put alum into bread; but he is well aware, that, in purchasing a certain quantity of flour, he must take a sack of *sharp whites* (a term given to flour contaminated with a quantity of alum), without which it would be impossible for him to produce a light, white, and porous bread, from a half-spoiled material.

The wholesale mealman frequently purchases this spurious commodity (which forms a separate branch of business in the hands of certain individuals), in order to enable himself to sell his decayed and half-spoiled flour.

Other individuals furnish the baker with alum mixed up with salt, under the obscure denomination of *stuff*. There are wholesale manufacturing chemists whose sole business is to crystalize alum, in such a form as will adapt this salt to the purpose of being mixed in a crystaline state with the crystals of common salt, to disguise the character of the compound. The mixture called *stuff*, is composed of one part of alum, in minute crystals, and three of common salt. In many other trades a similar mode of proceeding prevails. Potatoes are soaked in water to augment their weight.

The practice of sophisticating the necessaries of life, being reduced to systematic regularity, is ranked, by public opinion, among other mercantile pursuits; and is

not only regarded with less disgust than formerly, but is almost generally esteemed as a justifiable way to wealth.

It is really astonishing, that the penal law is not more effectually enforced against practices so inimical to the public welfare. The man who robs a fellow subject of a few shillings on the high-way, is sentenced to death; while he who distributes a slow poison to a whole community, escapes unpunished.

It has been urged by some, that under so vast a system of finance as that of Great Britain, it is expedient that the revenue should be collected in large amounts; and therefore, that the severity of the law should be relaxed in favour of all mercantile concerns, in proportion to their extent: encouragement must be given to large capitalists; and where an extensive brewery or distillery yields an important contribution to the revenue, no strict scrutiny need be adopted in regard to the quality of the article from which such contribution is raised, provided the excise do not suffer by the fraud.

But the principles of the constitution afford no sanction to this preference, and the true interests of the country require that it should be abolished; for a tax dependent upon deception must be at best precarious, and must be sooner or later diminished by the irresistible diffusion of knowledge. Sound policy requires, that the law should be impartially enforced in all cases; and if its penalties were extended to abuses of which it does not now take cognizance, there is no doubt that the revenue would be abundantly benefited.

Another species of fraud, to which I shall at present but briefly advert, and which has increased to so alarming an extent, that it loudly calls for the interference of government, is the adulteration of drugs and medicines.

Nine tenths of the most potent drugs and chemical preparations used in pharmacy, are vended in a sophisticated state, by dealers who would be the last to be suspected. It is well known, that of the article Peruvian bark, there is a variety of species inferior to the genuine; that too little discrimination is exercised by the collectors of this precious medicament; that it is carelessly assorted, and is frequently packed in green hides; that much of it arrives in Spain in a half decayed state, mixed with fragments of other vegetables and various extraneous substances; and in this state is distributed throughout Europe.

But as if this were not a sufficient deterioration, the public are often served with a spurious compound of mahogany saw-dust and oak-wood, ground into powder, mixed with a proportion of good quinquina, and sold as genuine bark-powder.

Every chemist knows that there are mills constantly at work in this metropolis, which furnish bark powder at a much cheaper rate than the substance can be procured for in its natural state. The price of the best genuine bark, upon an average, is not lower than twelve shillings the pound; but immense quantities of powder bark are supplied to the apothecaries at three or four shillings a pound.

It is also notorious that there

are manufacturers of spurious rhubarb powder, ipecacuanha powder*, James's powder, and other simple and compound medicines of great potency, who carry on their diabolical trade on an amazingly large scale. Indeed, the quantity of medical preparations thus sophisticated exceeds belief. Cheapness, and not genuineness and excellence, is the grand desideratum with the unprincipled dealers in drugs and medicines.

Those who are familiar with chemistry may easily convince themselves of the existence of the fraud, by subjecting to a chemical examination either spirits of hartshorn, magnesia, calcined magnesia, calomel, or any other chemical preparation in general demand.

Spirit of hartshorn is counterfeited by mixing liquid caustic ammonia with the distilled spirit of hartshorn, to increase the pungency of its odour, and to enable it to bear an addition of water.

The fraud is detected by adding spirit of wine to the sophisticated spirit; for, if no considerable coagulation ensues, the adulteration is proved. It may also be discovered by the hartshorn spirit not producing a brisk effervescence when mixed with muriatic or nitric acid.

Magnesia usually contains a portion of lime, originating from hard water being used, instead of soft, in the preparation of this medicine.

To ascertain the purity of magnesia, add to a portion of it a little sulphuric acid, diluted with ten times its bulk of water. If the magnesia be completely soluble, and the solution remains transparent, it may be pronounced *pure*; but not otherwise. Or, dissolve a portion of the magnesia in muriatic acid, and add a solution of sub-carbonate of ammonia. If any lime be present, it will form a precipitate; whereas pure magnesia will remain in solution.

Calcined magnesia is seldom met with in a pure state. It may be assayed by the same tests as the common magnesia. It ought not to effervesce at all with diluted sulphuric acid; and, if the magnesia and acid be put together into one scale of a balance, no diminution of weight should ensue on mixing them together. Calcined magnesia, however, is very seldom so pure as to be totally dissolved by diluted sulphuric acid; for a small insoluble residue generally remains, consisting chiefly of silicious earth, derived from the alkali employed in the preparation of it. The solution in sulphuric acid, when largely diluted, ought not to afford any precipitation by the addition of oxalate of ammonia.

The genuineness of calomel may be ascertained by boiling, for a few minutes, one part, with $\frac{1}{32}$ part of muriate of ammonia in ten parts of distilled water. When carbonate of potash is added to the filtered solution, no precipitation will ensue, if the calomel be pure.

(To be continued.)

* Of this root, several varieties are imported. The white sort (which has no wrinkles, and no perceptible bitterness in taste, and which, though taken in a large dose, has scarcely any effect at all), after being pulverized by fraudulent druggists, and mixed with a portion of emetic tartar, is sold, at a low price, for the powder of genuine ipecacuanha root.

FINE ARTS.

INTELLIGENCE REGARDING WORKS OF ART.

Prince Leopold has presented the family of the late Mr. Bird, R. A. with a purse of one hundred guineas, and also given the artist's picture of *the Surrender of Calais*, in his royal highness's possession, to be disposed of for the benefit of the family. This picture was presented to the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales, when Mr. Bird was appointed historical painter to her royal highness.

M. Bosio, the French sculptor, has received a commission from the Minister of the Interior, to execute a statue of *Henry IV. as a child*, with the marble of the Pyrennees, now introduced, with considerable expectations, into the Parisian arts.

On the 1st of March, 1820, will be published the first number of a work, intended to develope *the Beauties of the River Meuse*, which, independent of the interest excited by its own peculiar grandeur of character, will, from novelty, derive a further claim to attention, from the circumstance that it has never before been the object of a publication. The first part will be completed in eight numbers, containing each six plates, in the size and manner of the *Liber Veritatis*, engraved by S. W. Reynolds, from drawings made on the spot by G. Arnald, A. R. A. in 1818.

Mr. Britton has just finished Part I. forming a half-volume of a Supplement, or volume V. to his *Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain*. This portion consists of forty-one engravings, representing a variety of examples of the circular style of ecclesiastical architecture in England; including some specimens of Roman, Saxon, and Norman. These are displayed in plans, elevations, sections, and views; and are calculated to exhibit the progressive changes or styles in the architecture of this country. The work is intended to be completed in eighty plates, with appropriate letter-press, which will comprise an historical, descriptive, and critical essay on the rise, progress, and characteristics of the ecclesiastical edifices and styles of architecture in England. The work is to be completed by the end of the year.

The same author has also completed his *History and Antiquities of the Metropolitan Church at York*, illustrated with thirty-four engravings of views, elevations, plans, and details of the architecture of that edifice; with biographical anecdotes of the archbishops. He has also produced two out of three numbers of *the History and Illustrations of Lichfield Cathedral*.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

It is the too general fault of the games invented for young persons, that they do not combine instruction with amusement: of late years, however (the example having been set by the ingenious Dr. Franklin),

some endeavours have been made to remedy this defect, and we know of none that is more likely to be effectual in this important particular, than the elegant productions we are about to announce: they consist of two small neatly printed volumes, ornamented with many engravings, and accompanied by boxes of tangible figures and cubic sections: they are entitled *Geometrical and Architectural Recreations.* The first affords an entertaining and familiar introduction to the rudiments of plane geometry, architectural drawing, grouping, &c.; and the second illustrates, in the same mode, the most essential principles of solid geometry and architectural elevations. The forms produced by the various placing of the figures and sections are infinitely varied; and this of itself, independent of the actual and self-evident utility of the game, forms a very considerable attraction. We cannot do better than subjoin a few of the observations of the publisher (Mr. Ackermann), in further illustration of the subject.—Among the toys and games of amusement of this description hitherto published, we find none in which the arrangements assume regular or known figures. This circumstance deprives the subject of much of that interest, which should awaken attention, and imperceptibly communicate sound instruction, by its scientific features of truth, while it fascinates by its novelty. The present publication is intended to remedy the defect, and to introduce an important and useful improvement in that respect. The figures, or sections, which have been devised for these Recreations, will be found capable of forming, not only innumerable combinations of a strictly geometrical description, but also subjects of civil and military architecture; such as buildings of various designs, rustic edifices, fortifications, towers, gates, monumental erections, picturesque articles of domestic and ornamental furniture, vases, &c. &c. The other plates exhibit a variety of instructive and remarkable transformations of geometrical figures, effected by different combinations, and a considerable number of regular and interesting picturesque objects. All the subjects of transformation, from one geometrical figure to another, are covered with the small dotted squares of subdivision, in order to afford a distinct and demonstrative exhibition of the relative quantities and general admeasurement of the several parts of their surfaces, and to furnish an elegant and correct explanation of some important geometrical problems, in that tangible mode which is, of all others, universally received as the most simple and comprehensive. In the plates of picturesque objects, one subject in each has the arrangement of the component pieces indicated by dotted lines, so that the subject may be immediately constructed by inspection and reference: the outline of the subject is given. The rest to be made out by an exercise of the judgment. It must be recollected, that, in all these constructions of transformation and combination, it is a constant and indispensable condition, *that the entire number of the component parts of the original*

square is to find a place, and to be employed, in the proposed figure or subject.

In February will be published, *A Key to the Compound Tints*: being a systematic classification and analysis of more than three thousand varieties of colour, of which specimens are given, exhibiting the different proportions of the primitive tints in each, with graduated scales of each class of colours; forming a practical standard of combined hues, applicable to every branch of art and manufacture wherein colours are produced or used, and establishing a rule for scientifically effecting the composition and changes of tints by analysis, on a principle entirely new: by an artist.

A work, entitled *True Christian Religion*, or *the Universal Theology of the New Church*, translated from the Latin of the Hon. E. Swedenborg, two vols. royal octavo, is in the press.

A prospectus has been issued at Paris, of an entirely philological periodical publication, entitled *Hermes Classique.* Its purposes are to define Greek, Latin, and French words; and to discuss doubtful phrases, and interpret difficult passages in ancient authors. Some curious and interesting specimens of the projected work are added; and the first number, consisting of five sheets, was to appear in October.

A publication by Buonaparte's secretary, during that period, and embracing the history of the two years, from the banishment to Elba, to the battle of Waterloo, is among our forthcoming novelties. We understand that it furnishes some remarkable particulars respecting the invitation sent to Elba; and the defection of Ney, whom Napoleon treated with great contumely, after he got him to commit himself.

Montholon's MS. is also in England, and may be expected to appear this winter. Mme. M. brought it from St. Helena.

Travels in Africa, by Mr. Mollien, who has, it seems, been able to pursue a new unknown track, are, we hear, about to be published in English and French.

In the press, and will be published during the ensuing autumn, an elegant and ornamental work, entitled *The Sportsman's Mirror*, reflecting the history and delineations of the horse and dog, throughout all their varieties. The work will be elegantly printed in quarto, on superfine paper. The engravings, representing every species of the horse and dog, will be executed by Mr. John Scott, in the line manner, from original paintings by Marshall, Reinagle, Gilpin, and Stubbs, accompanied with engravings on wood, illustrative of the subjects, as head and tail-pieces, by Bewick, Clennell, &c.

Mr. Curtis has commenced his *Winter Course of Lectures*, on the anatomy, physiology, and pathology of the ear. A clinical lecture will be given during the course, on the most important cases that occur at the Royal Dispensary, in which Mr. C. will adduce some observations relating to the medical treatment of deaf and dumb children.

Death of His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent.

An event equally sudden and lamentable, has clouded the gaiety of the season, and compelled our fair fashionables to exchange their elegant and splendid attire for the garb of mourning: nor is it only in outward show, that the death of his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent will be mourned; his many amiable and excellent qualities will render him long and deservedly regretted by the nation at large. To his own circle, his loss is irreparable; for as a husband, brother, and friend, his conduct was most exemplary.

An illness of only a few days continuance, which was caused by a violent and neglected cold, terminated his Royal Highness's life on Sunday, the 22d of January, at Sidmouth, where he had been for some time. He died in a manner becoming a man and a Christian. His amiable duchess attended him to the last with the most exemplary care and tenderness; he received all his medicines from her hand, nor could she be prevailed upon to leave him, while there was a possibility that any thing could be done to sooth or to alleviate his sufferings.

Most of our readers, no doubt, recollect the active part which his Royal Highness had recently taken in investigating the plans of Mr. Salisbury, for the employment of the poor; they will remember, too, the prompt humanity with which he always came forward in support of charitable institutions: but it was not in that way only that he exercised the divine virtue of charity; his purse was ever open, limited as his means were for the support of his rank, to every child of misery. The tale of distress wanted no introduction to him; he was ever its ready and sympathizing auditor; and surely the blessings and prayers of those, who owed to his bounty relief in their utmost necessities, have gone before him, and smoothed his passage to those regions, where, we hope and trust, he is now enjoying a bright and lasting reward.

The melancholy event happened too late in the month to admit of our giving the mourning fashions in detail: we have, however, presented our fair readers with two dresses, which we flatter ourselves will be found worthy of their attention. There is no doubt, from the popularity which his Royal Highness enjoyed, that the mourning will be very general. We shall next month endeavour to select from the various novelties which may appear, whatever articles are most fashionable, tasteful, and appropriate.

The lord chamberlain's orders for the court mourning were not yet given when this went to press; but no doubt can be entertained, that the materials will be the same as those used for the late members of the Royal Family: they are, for undress, dark Norwich crape, long lawn, and love ribbon; and black bombasine, crape, and plain muslin, for dress; with black shamoy gloves and shoes, and plain black crape fans.

Mourning Fashions.

PLATE 10.—CARRIAGE DRESS.

A BLACK bombasine half-dress gown, made a three-quarter height: the waist is rather long; the back has a little fulness at the bottom, but is plain at the top; it laces behind: the front is square, is cut bias, and tight to the bust, which is ornamented with a narrow black crape trimming. Long sleeve, rather straight, finished by a puckered cuff of black crape: full epaulette, composed of three falls of crape, disposed in the form of a shell. The skirt is very wide at the bottom, but so much gored as to render it rather narrow towards the top; what fulness there is, is thrown principally into the middle of the back: the bottom of the skirt is finished by a single deep flounce of bombasine, headed by a rouleau of black crape; three or four narrow pipings of crape form a zig-zag at the edge of the flounce. A white crape *fichu*, with a full puckered collar, tied with black love ribbon, shades the bust. A loose wrapping-coat is worn over this dress, which is composed of very fine black cloth. Head-dress, a bonnet composed of black crape over black sarsnet: it is of a moderate size: the crown is ornamented with twisted rouleaus of black crape, placed crosswise; the brim is lined with double white crape; a black feather ornament is placed in front, and a full bow of black crape ties it under the chin. Black shamoy-leather half-boots and gloves.

PLATE 11.—EVENING DRESS.

A black crape round dress, over a black sarsnet slip: the *corsage* is cut very low all round the bust; the waist is rather long; the piece which forms the back, is disposed in bias plaits, laid crosswise; the fronts are tight to the shape. Short full sleeve. There is very little either of the sleeve or the back part of the *corsage* visible, as a pelerine of white crape is affixed to the back, and comes down on each side of the bust as low as the waist in front: it consists of four falls of double puckered crape; is rounded behind, and pointed at the fronts. The bottom of the skirt is ornamented with a broad trimming of white crape, intersected with narrow *coquings* of black crape, disposed in a scroll pattern; there are two rows of these laid on the white crape, at some distance from each other. Head-dress, a demi-cornette, composed of white crape, over which is a small black crape hat: the crown is rather high; the brim is small: it is of an equal breadth all round, but is bent down a little in the back of the neck: it is lined with white crape, and trimmed with a full puffing of the same material round the edge of the brim: three white feathers decorate the crown. Necklace and ear-rings, jet. Black shamoy-leather gloves and shoes.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden, inventor of the *corset à la Grecque*, for both these dresses.

Poetry.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC CHARADE ON A LAW-PARTNERSHIP.

Whene'er associations strange,
Give fancy ample scope to range,
All wits and witlings will be scribbling,
In lofty strains, or petty quibbling.

My first for gentleness is fam'd;
My second by a poet nam'd
The noblest work in the creation,
When honestly he fills his station;
And though my third is oft defined
The craftiest of the subtle kind,
Yet when in bands with first and second,
A harmless subject may be reckon'd:
And thus my whole of value be,
To guard from fraud society.

Jan. 22. Scipio D——.

For Mrs. And-rs-n (*late Miss* Mary C-rn-gy), *Prince of Wales' Island.*

Epithalamium on her Marriage.

No more of mountain, grove, or dale,
Of streams, or flow'ry meads I sing;
Thee, beauteous Mary! thee I hail,
More lovely than the blooming spring.

What time with radiant smiles serene,
Thou blest benign those happy plains,
Then brighter seem'd each rural scene,
The streams more clear, more blythe the swains.

What grace, what elegance express'd,
What symmetry adorns the whole!
Thy frame perfection fair impress'd
With higher excellence thy soul.

Thee charming form'd the pow'rs above,
Implanted in thy generous mind
Each active virtue, that must prove
A source of pleasure to mankind.

In beauty, elegance, and grace,
Few can excel, few can compare,
O mortal blest! O happy youth!
With thee connubial joys to share.

Thou, And--son! the meed hast gain'd,
For which ambition strove in vain;
And now the triumph-palm obtain'd,
With influence bland her love retain.

Ye pow'rs! oh, bless! a beauteous race
Of lovely gems for them prepare;
Their minds improve with truth and grace,
And guide by your peculiar care.

Let smiling happiness abound;
Let mutual love and mutual joys
Bid roses rise in life's gay round,
Each bliss that can pure minds suffice.

Vapours dispel, should they appear;
Oh! cloudless may their lives be spent;
New pleasure add each coming year,
Join innocence with calm content.

From every ill, oh! guard the heart;
Join social mirth, hilarity;
Mild temp'rance, rosy health impart;
And lastly, bless sweet charity.

O Mary! feeble are the lays,
Faint is the wreath thy poet brings;
Yet deign t' accept the meed of praise,
That from the heart spontaneous springs:
Nor let the Muse implore in vain,
Oh, happiness! thy friendship gain.

Glasgow. John Carnegie.

On Miss F-rb-s.

If loveliness of mind or feature,
Could e'er impart the power to please,
O F-rb-s! thou art form'd by nature
To charm, enchant, beyond release:
Bright is thy beauty as the rising sun;
Thousands admire, whose hearts thy charms have won.

On Miss L-g-n.

Delightful as Sol's cheering ray,
When first his animating beam
Illumes the genial face of day,
And gladdens every grove and stream:
So to my fond enraptured sight
Thy matchless charms give vast delight.

On Miss St—t.

Those charms that pure delight impart,
In lovely St—t are combined;
Her beauty captivates the heart,
Her lively wit and sense, the mind.

On Miss M-Int-sh.

The brilliant diamond cannot vie
With the refulgence of thine eye;
Nor all the joys from wealth that flow,
Give half the bliss thy smiles bestow.

L. Harrison, Printer, 373, Strand.

MUSLIN PATTERN